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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

REV. MR HEDGE'S LECTURE AT THE OPENING OF THE BANGOR LYCEUM, Nov. 15, 1836.

This Lecture may be regarded as a significant comment on the tendencies of American society. Within the memory of those of us, who are not yet old, the place where it was delivered was an obscure village in an uninviting dependency of our own Commonwealth. The light of literary culture had hardly penetrated the primeval forests which environed it. It certainly was not the spot whence we looked for mature products of thought or new suggestions on the higher topics of speculation. We should have said that many years must elapse, before a taste for exquisite literary productions could there be formed or any motive presented for their exhibition.

But we now have before us, as delivered to the intelligent population of a prosperous city, which has sprung up like a tree, while men slept, an address, compact with profound thought, discussing the loftiest themes, and clothed in the select and graceful language, which indicates a rare faculty of composition in the writer and of appreciation in the audience. We would fain take this Lecture as a proof that in the midst of our insatiate zeal for gain and our bustling devotion to politics, there is yet a hidden source of spiritual strength and life in the heart of the people, which will from time to time give birth to manifestations like this. We love to think that the native vigor of our Western race is not to be exhausted on fleshly idols, but that a Temple to the Highest will always rear its pinnacles over the shrines of Mammon. We cannot but be encouraged to hear a voice like that which speaks in these pages uttering its clear and earnest tones, in the halls of our men of business, and pleading for the sincere love of knowledge, for devotion to intellectual beauty, and for the culture of the most refined and elevated forms of the human character. Mr Hedge himself remarks in the introduction to his Lecture,

'I am glad to see that you have not suffered the hard times to harden your sensibility to the higher wants of our nature, but have shown yourselves resolved to support the interests of learning, however other interests may suffer, to maintain the pursuit of knowledge, though the pursuit of money should come to a stand, and to keep the mind open, if possible, though the shops be shut.'

We do not mean to write a Review of this Lecture, but merely to give a few extracts, whose wholesome sense and truth will commend themselves to those who think better than any words of ours. We commence with a description of the difference between the knowledge of the practical man and the knowledge of the scholar.

Next to the formation of a manly character, the highest object which the human mind can propose to itself, is the one contemplated in institutions like this—the education of the intellectual powers. To this end, whether we seek it or not, the whole course of things is made to minister. The education of the mind, like moral discipline, must go on, with or without our intent and conscious co-operation. The Deity has in part taken this charge upon himself, and placed us under the tuition of his own laws in the great free-school of Nature. Earth and sky teem with instruction. Sun, moon and stars are lectures which all can hear. Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge. Labor, too, is instruction. If not idle, we are always learning. Our daily tasks are so many private lessons without charges. Every calling and craft is a course of instruction, in one or more of the sciences. The farmer, while operating on his lands, has no thought of any system of self-education which he is carrying on, yet does he not till the soil year after year, without reaping other and better fruits than his market crops. The best produce of his farm is the knowledge which he gains of those facts and laws which the philosopher, by a different method, is also exploring. He learns something of botany, and something of zoology. His barn is his hortus siccus, and his barn-yard his zoological garden. He is a practical chemist too, experimenting on a large scale, with whole acres for his laboratory. The mechanic in his workshop, is teaching himself, without book, the application of geometry to the arts. The lawyer, in his office, learns more of mankind and their crafts than is set down in his statute books. The merchant is an industrious student of political economy, and so is the banker, and so the broker. Every calling is a Lyceum of practical instruction, and the great mart, where all these callings centre, may be termed a university in the strictest sense; a university where all are professors and all students; where not merely the learned professions, as they are called, but every trade under heaven has its college, its faculty and its degrees. We undervalue, I think, this sort of knowledge. We measure learning, not absolutely, but comparatively. We reckon from the common stock of general information, and call a man learned in proportion as his private accumulations exceed that stock. If we would take our departure from the point of absolute privation—if any such point there be—from the *rasa tabula* of the metaphysicians, we should find the difference less considerable, I imagine, between the profound scholar and the well informed man of the world, just as the elevation of the highest mountains above the level of the earth vanishes into nothing if we measure altitude from the centre of the globe. That general information, which the scholar shares in common with all who have received the benefits of an ordinary school-education, or enjoyed the more instructive discipline of practical life, constitutes the greater part of all our knowledge, and the basis of the rest. The difference between the learned and the unlearned, and the great advantage which the one possesses over the other, consists in the different arrangement of the knowledge common to both. I do not deny a considerable difference in degree, but I believe there is a far greater difference in kind. The learning of the scholar is systematically arranged and reduced to proper order, so that he has a complete view and command of the whole, and can apply all he knows, at any moment, to any given question. The learning of the practical man is loose and confused, an incoherent jumble of facts, without method or classification. They differ as the materials of a building, thrown into an irregular heap, differ from the well ordered and finished structure. The knowledge of the practical man is a knowledge of facts merely, the knowledge of the scholar is a knowledge of principles, obtained by a systematic generalization of those facts. The advantage, which the scholar possesses over the practical man, by means of this method, is, doubtless, great, still it is an advantage which consists rather in the form than the amount of their respective acquirements. The master or mate of a vessel possesses practical knowledge enough to find his way from one hemisphere to another, across the trackless and unwritten deep. But he knows nothing, perhaps, of the mathematical principles, involved in the table of meridional parts, by which he works up his daily reckoning, nor does he understand the trigonometry of projection on which his charts are planned. He finds the altitude of the sun, or the distance of the moon from that body, and deduces thence the true time of his position. Comparing this with the time of the first meridian, as indicated by his chronometer, he ascertains his longitude. But he knows neither the horological principle, by which the accuracy of his timepiece is secured, nor the optical laws, by which the lenses are arranged in his sextant. He is unacquainted with most of the principles which he applies in determining his course, as principles, that is, as scientific deductions; but he understands them as practical rules, and knows how to apply them. And the leading facts, too, (particularly those of Geography and Astronomy) from which those principles have been deduced, are mostly known to him. Thus the knowledge, acquired by the practical seaman, is of a different sort from the philosopher's, the one is mechanical, the other scientific. Yet no one will think lightly of this mechanical learning, when he considers how, by means of it, the practical navigator traverses the open sea, where, for weeks and months, the heavens and his tables are the only guides, with as much confidence as he would traverse a settled country, intersected with roads, and is able, not only to determine the parallel, or rhumb, on which he is sailing, but to point to the chart, and mark the precise spot which his vessel occupies, at any given moment, on the surface of the globe.'

The idea which the democracy of our country should aim to realize is exhibited in this passage.

'The idea which lies at the foundation of all institutions of this kind, is one of the noblest that ever entered a philanthropic mind;—the idea of an educated people. Ever uppermost should this idea be in the minds of legislators and all who, by their station or discipline, are enabled to contribute anything towards its realization. And, what is of far greater consequence, the people themselves must be possessed with it, jointly and individually. Only, through their efforts and voluntary co-operation, can it ever be realized. Some despotic governments, in our day, have done much for the education of the people, and even exceeded our republican efforts, in the provision made for popular instruction. But this is one of the things which no government can accomplish. After all that legislators and rulers can do, the greater part remains to be done by the people themselves; and where the people are their own rulers, the greatest efforts in this cause, and the best fruits may be expected. If ever, therefore, there was a nation where anything like a general cultivation of all classes might be reasonably looked for, it is ours. What is the use of free institutions, or what glory is there in democracy, except they tend to promote this object? We boast the equality enjoyed under our institutions, and very justly. The equality which we boast, is the most important element ever introduced into the science of government. And democracy, so far as it does justice to this equality, is a true and beneficent principle. But where it does not do justice to this equality, it is a very false principle. It is not enough to say that all men are equal. The true democracy is that which endeavors to make men equal, and first of all, in that particular in which inequality is most to be lamented—that which constitutes more than anything else the dignity of a rational being—intellectual culture. This is a species of democracy which has great charms for me. I love to dwell upon the idea of an educated nation, a nation where humanity has found, at length, a free and full development, where the worst distinction between man and man, the distinction between ignorance and knowledge, is, in some degree, done away, where a levelling and radical spirit, of the true sort, has equalized the human condition by levelling upward, and rooting fast, all that is best and noblest in man. Among the social evils which call for philanthropic effort in these days, one of the most prominent is the comparative ignorance of the people, and the imperfect diffusion of knowledge, where the facilities for popular education are so great, and the diffusion of knowledge so easy as with us. This I consider as the great evil in the present condition of the poor. I mean the abject poor, whom such institutions as this have not reached. Not for its own sake, but only as it involves this, or like evils, does poverty deserve our commiseration.

'It is not,' says a late writer, 'it is not because of his toils that I pity the poor. We all toil, or steal, (howsoever we name our stealing,) which is worse—no faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor is hungry, and athirst, but for him also, there is food and drink. He is heavy-laden and weary, but for him also the heavens send sleep; and of the deepest. In his smoky cribs, a clear, dewy heaven of rest canopies him, and fitful glimmerings of cloud-skirted dreams. But what I do mourn over, is that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of knowledge should visit him; but only, in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation. Alas! while the body stands, so broad and brawny, must the soul be blinded, dwarfed, stupified, almost annihilated? Alas! was this too, a breath of God bestowed in heaven, but on Earth never to be unfolded? That there should one man die ignorant, who had the capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen twenty times in the minute. The miserable fraction of science, which united mankind, in a wide universe of nescience, have acquired—why is it not this, with all diligence, imparted to all?'

The following remarks on some of our social characteristics appears to us to have great weight.

'If knowledge were prized as it should be, it would be sought as it should be. Let the mind be strongly bent on its pursuit, and no obstacle will prevent. And why is not knowledge prized as it should be? It is because wealth is prized as it should not be. It is because a rabid and sickly thirst for gain, absorbing all the life and energy of the nation, allows neither time nor thought for higher objects. The love of equality takes an unfortunate determination. It affects the lesser privileges, and lower blessings of life, and disregards the main point, in which equality is most to be coveted. It is impatient of outward distinctions, but tolerates, with too easy admission, the distinctions of the mind. The poor man thinks it no hardship, to live and die in ignorance of the world around him, and the worlds above him: it is no privation to him, to walk in darkness amidst the daily miracle of nature, and the glorious beauty of earth and sky. He foregoes, without a pang, the ornaments of mental culture and the luxuries of thought, but he cannot resign the decorations of fortune, and the splendors of wealth. He too must have, besides the rational comforts and modest decencies of life, the trappings and embellishments of vanity. He must have the gilding on the rich man's estate, though he cannot attain to its substance. To this, all his efforts tend; here centre all his aspirations. For this he prolongs his labor beyond the limits of wholesome toil. For this he tasks his strength and perils his peace, and starves his mind. Much has been said with little justice, both at home and abroad, in condemnation of the inordinate love of gain, which is supposed to characterize our nation. We are probably not more guilty in this respect than other nations, only as we are more industrious. The mass of mankind are much alike all over the world, as it respects the love of wealth, however they may differ in the vigor which they bring to its pursuit. The Neapolitan Lazzarone, or Sicilian mendicant has, I imagine, no philosophical contempt of riches. He is no cynic of the tub. He loves his sunshine, it is true, but he would hardly waive a prince's gift, were there any Alexander now, to offer it. It is not that he loves money less, but that he loves still more the *'far niente'* of his delicious clime. He would be rich, but he shrinks from toil. A drowsy air, and a lazy church, and a holiday faith, and a rotten state have made him supine, not self-denying. We possess, in addition to the love of wealth, the vigor and the will to work for it. An abounding energy, a quick-conceiving spirit of enterprise, and an indomitable force of purpose, are ever goading us on to that which all prize. Herein we differ from the free states of antiquity which most resemble ours. The surplus activity, which abounds in all healthy nations, was devoted by them to the business of war. With us, it is turned to the business of trade, and the arts of peace. They sought their wealth in the conquest of nations, and the spoil of camps, and foreign tribute. We seek ours in conflict with matter, we labor to subjugate nature, and levy our imposts on the conquered earth. For this we are not to be condemned, but commended. Not for our ceaseless pursuit of wealth, as compared with other nations, are we to be blamed. This is the fault of our vigor, and not of our concupiscence. Not as a nation, do we merit censure, but as individuals, for our individual covetousness, which makes us blind to all higher good. When Cæsar returned from conquest to govern and reform the state, he was advised—as the first step in reformation—to do away, if possible, the immoderate estimation of wealth, that truth and justice might have their dues. A similar counsel were worthy the consideration of all who have influence in our state. Let riches be at par, and education will grow in price, and the state will flourish all the better. I know of no other way in which this can be effected, but through the efforts and example of the rich themselves, who by their moderation and abstinence from extravagant display, may abate the temptations to extravagance and covetousness, in the poorer classes, and inspire that contentment with moderate gains which shall give them—what is better than luxury—leisure and opportunity for improvement. The increase of wealth in a nation, as a means of unfolding the national resources, and of promoting those works of public improvement, which react on individual culture, must always be an important object of national effort. But the more wealth accumulates, the more does it behove the individual rich, to guard the influence of their wealth and example, that it may bear favorably on the best interests of society.

The defence of the philosopher, against the charge of engaging in unprofitable pursuits, contained in the following extract, should be pondered by those, in whose minds the progress of thought awakens nothing but alarm and dread.

There is ground for apprehension, that, in our eagerness to extract a hasty profit from what has already been discovered, we neglect to extend the bounds of discovery, and refuse to those who are laboring in that direction, the aid, sympathy, and patronage, without which, science, as a national interest, can hardly flourish. While the uses of knowledge only, are regarded, the kingdom of knowledge will advance but slowly. Had there not always been some who loved it for its own sake, it would never have passed the first rudiments; and the useful arts and the various branches of human industry, which are the fruits of knowledge, would be still, where they were in the first stages of society. In order that the great ends of mental developement and popular culture may be worthily answered, it is necessary that the divine nature of Knowledge be fully apprehended, that she be honored for her own intrinsic worth, and sought for her own exceeding beauty. An education which looks only at the practical, may help to fill the purse, but it can never inform or enrich the mind, it can never impart that dignity of character, that respect for our intellectual nature, that veneration for the beautiful and the good, that zeal for improvement, that longing after the infinite, to impart which, is the true object of all education. Neither is it possible to push inquiry beyond the bounds of utility. Ever, as our vision enlarges, our wants increase. Human life, with its daily uses, follows hard on human thought, and every new discovery in the world of ideas, is speedily represented by some practical application, in the world of sense. Such application the mere practical man does not anticipate, and therefore, pities the unprofitable pursuits of the philosopher. He sees him straying into by-paths, where there is neither meat nor drink, and wonders that a man can so forget his belly. Meanwhile the philosopher goes 'sounding on' his solitary way, and presently reports a discovery—a new substance, a new law, or, it may be, a new world. Now the eyes of the practical man are opened, and his mouth is stopped, and his outward condition not a little improved. A few years pass, and the progress of society reaches the point attained by the philosopher, and settles down on the new discovery. From this point new philosophers start, and stray into new regions. Again the practical man wonders, and shakes his head. Again his eyes are opened. A new discovery, another invention, and society, like a horde of wandering gipsies, must take up its march anew, and move its kitchen-utensils to the next resting-place. Such has ever been the progress of discovery, from the time of Pythagoras to the time of Laplace. When will mankind learn to believe in science, and to respect the uses of thought? All knowledge is practical. Nay, more, all inquiry is practical, if our definition of practical, embraces, as it ought, the uses of the mind, which are the final, and therefore, the only real use in all our scheming and doing. Regarded in this light, the very abstractions and most refined subtleties of metaphysics, which the world esteems so lightly, have their use. Not only do they serve as a discipline, to minds that are fitted to converse with such speculations, but they act as *feeders* of literature, and, through the medium of poetry and prose disquisition, convey nourishment to such as are unable to receive them in their abstract form. I call practical, whatever ennobles the mind, by exalting and refining our conceptions of the universe we inhabit. And this, I believe to be the tendency of science, just in proportion as inquiry is pushed beyond the visible forms of things, to the innermost laws, and secret life of Nature. The further we explore in this direction, the more clearly we discern the ever-present agency of Spirit represented by its highest manifestation,—Law. The outward form—the mere dead substance, grows less and less; action and life fill its place, till at last the whole of being appears to be but an aggregate of laws, and nature teems with spirit.

We wish that Mr Hedge's eloquent exposition of the value of a love of beauty could be written upon the heart of every man and woman in our republic. A living sense of the Beautiful, whether embodied in the productions of meditative genius, the works of creative skill, or the expressions of moral loveliness, should be wrought into the very texture of our national character, or we cannot fulfill the destiny which God gave us when he breathed inspiration over our land and planted the home of freedom amidst such exhibitions of his sublime and glorious works.

For that perversion of the practical, which regards only the lower and material uses of life, I know no better antidote than a zealous cultivation, among all classes of society, according to their several ability, of the beautiful. The love of the beautiful, as one of the fundamental principles of our spiritual nature, deserves a prominent place among the laws and influences which regulate our daily actions and pursuits. It may be regarded as a sort of secular religion, bearing the same relation to our worldly affairs, that the love of the good does to our moral duties. A sense of the beautiful, more or less developed, may be discovered in the sentiments, and practice of every human being. None are wholly destitute of this feeling. There is something divine in man, which ever prompts him to look beyond the mere supply of his necessities. In the poorest cabin, no board is spread without some regard to symmetry and order. No garment is cut without some reference to the rules of grace. There is an alliance too between convenience and beauty, which looks like a design, on the part of the Creator, to call the attention of mankind to the latter principle. It is Goethe, I think, who says that the useful and the good grow in various ways from the beautiful. The mechanism of the heavenly motions can hardly be conceived as possible, had any less graceful curve than the ellipse been assigned to them. The human frame would lose much of its convenience, were its parts and proportions less symmetrically arranged. In human life, good taste and propriety are strictly co-ordinate, and the perfection of art is always the union of fitness and grace. See the union of these two principles in the combinations of architecture. No edifice strikes us as beautiful, in which each part does not subserve some obvious use. An Ionic column is a graceful structure, and so is a Gothic arch, but either would be a deformity, if it stood by itself alone, without supporting a superincumbent weight. The window which admits the light, serves at the same time to relieve the uniformity of the building, and to prevent its becoming a lifeless block. In like manner the fireplace pays a double debt to comfort and decoration. In all work, what is called the *finish*, is, for the most part, equally the perfection of utility and of ornament. So likewise, in the moral world, the beautiful is always ancillary to the good, in so much, that the terms are generally convertible, and every heroic deed affects us not less by the gratification it affords to our innate sense of harmony, than by the force with which it appeals to our perceptions of the eternal fitness of things. It is not, however, my purpose to defend the beautiful, which always justifies itself, but to recommend its cultivation, as a principle of equal dignity and importance with the practical, in the formation of the intellectual character, and a wholesome check on the excesses and perversions of the latter. Indeed, if we compare the influence of both on the mind, and observe how a lively sense of the beautiful, in nature and art, softens the character, how it calms the passions, and soothes affliction, and persuades content, and reconciles us to all that is bitter and hard in life; how it allies itself with all that is noble and good, and elevates the thoughts above the ignoble cares, the childish disappointments and all the littleness of earth, and directs them to eternal and unchangeable principles of harmony and order—we shall be constrained, I think, to give this sentiment a far higher place, than belongs to the practical, generally so called, in the scale of human wants and earthly aspirations. It was their love of the beautiful, more than any thing else, which raised the Greeks above all the states of antiquity, and gave them their permanent rank in the history of nations. Among us, as among them, I would have the love of beauty a prominent sentiment, and a leading influence. I would see it manifested in every form of daily use, and in all the pursuits of life. As a means of cultivating this sentiment, poetry, and every branch of literature and art, deserve an equal place with the sciences in the education of the people, and merit equally the regard of our schools and Lyceums. And in this connection, I cannot but consider the decided taste evinced for the arts in this country, and the eminence attained in some of them, as a happy omen in the prospect of national culture. Already we have our sculptors, among the first in that department of art, and in Allston, a painter not surpassed by any since the Italian school. These are national honors of which we have reason to be proud. They are national blessings, if we consider them only in relation to our own times, yet less to be prized as an evidence of what has already been attained, than as pledges of future greatness.

We have drawn this largely on this Lecture, on account of its own intrinsic value, and because it is not likely to fall into the hands of many of our readers. Those who have an opportunity of procuring it, will find it worthy a place on their shelves, in not unequal company with the wisdom and eloquence which may be clothed in a more imposing form. R.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

MENTAL ILLUMINATION AND MORAL IMPROVEMENT OF MANKIND. BY THOMAS DICK.

There are few writers of the present day more popular and more prolific than Mr Dick. It is complained by many caterers for the public mind that moral speculations find few readers, and that mere facts, and frivolous fictions, form the only acceptable aliment to the reacting appetite of the community. Writers must accommodate themselves to readers, and in that sense it is, that every man of genius who acts upon contemporary minds, is not only a leader of his age, but a representative of it—he knows what is wanted—he feels what will produce effect—he estimates justly the necessities, capacity, and impressibility of existing society, and he comes forward with supply, wrought from his own stores and intellectual productiveness, which is adapted to the genius of the times in which he lives.

As an originator and propounder of new theories Mr Dick has no claim to genius, and as a writer he exhibits little skill or attractiveness, for his pages are so overlaid with disquisition that his facts and conclusions are half buried in elaborate and expanded verbiage. But notwithstanding this tediousness of style he is a favorite of the American people, for many thousands of his successive essays have issued from different presses of the country, and he is profitable to the booksellers, to say nothing of their readers.

Dick's work on Mental Illumination is certainly a good book. It assumes the truth that the education of a people is the chief concern of the legislator, as well as of every parent and private citizen; and the facts exhibited in this book, as well as the improvement it indicates, both bear upon them the stamp of truth, and serve as admonitions to practical and determinate effort in this matter. The history of Education, as a power that acts upon society, as a promoter of the happiness and virtue of mankind, abundantly proves that every successive generation of man is placed directly under the influence of the preceding; and that the former, advanced by the latter, is prepared for a better and broader influence upon another progeny, so that the course of time continually brings with it destruction to old error and misery, and ministers also the elements of progress, intelligence, and happiness to the human family. This influence of mind upon mind is by no means a purely natural result of spontaneous causes, but in great measure one of predetermination and concert. What may be done, what is done, what ought to be done by an existing generation to exalt the character, and meliorate the condition of a coming one; to diminish the evil there is in the world, and to advance with good sense, and probable effect, the 'conversion of the world,' is a very interesting inquiry to the 'children of light,' for by means of true intelligence in this great concern, 'the beloved cause,' as good Richard Baxter expresses it, 'of wisdom, piety, and peace' can most certainly be promoted.

Mr Dick compares the present civilization of Britain with its barbarism in the days of Cæsar, and the cultivated people of civilized countries with the uneducated everywhere; and he believes that the present improved condition of Britain, and the superiority of one class of men over another in any country, are attributable, both, to influences of instruction; and that such exhibitions of what man may become, under circumstances favorable to a portion of society, furnish a proof that the whole race may be brought under similar salutary influences. He believes in provision which shall protect all, or nearly all, from the fearful degeneracy which so many in every human community have been and still continue to be the prey of.

To effect such a consummation, toward which so many projects, and so many efforts tend without attaining to, 'it only requires,' says he, 'that the means of instruction be simplified and extended, and brought within the reach of every one whose faculties are capable of cultivation. That this object has never yet been effected, is not owing to its *impracticability*,—to any insuperable objects which lie in the way of its accomplishment; but because the attention of mankind has never been thoroughly directed to it.' We believe this to be true, we believe that education of large numbers—proper national education,—before it can go into efficient operation, must be apprehended by the higher minds of a country, and must by them be commended to the popular mind. A true policy of education, a broad comprehensiveness of design, and a minute detail of means, must proceed from enlightened and wise men; and their policy and its expositions can only take effect through the just estimation, and free consent of the popular mind.

When the attention of the highest minds of the country shall be turned to the moral welfare of the whole people, and when the people themselves shall feel a perfect confidence that such minds are devising important benefits for them and their descendants, it may be presumed that they will neither refuse the benefit, nor despise their benefactor. Should a truly moral system of public education be commenced, even by partial experiment, it would enlighten popular feeling, and all parents of every degree would desire their children to partake of its privielges. Admitting that all parents should sanctify their children from their birth, and consecrate them to their proper destiny, still they must be led in the right way with right intelligence of that way. There must be a discipline prepared by the foresight and wisdom of the community, as well as that of the parental affection and will. There is a discipline of the heart, the understanding, and the conscience, over and above the domestic influence, or that of the church. The school is the institution in which every young person recognises himself as a member of society. By means of this connection the youth first extends his sympathies to the community at large. It is his half-way house from the parental roof to the theatre of social action—there he first learns his relations, and feels his obligations beyond the brethren of his blood; and expands his liberal kindness to all that are of the universal 'Father's house.'

Never have the learned and the wise given enough of their attention and aid, it must be acknowledged, to procuring such an institution of popular education as might develope all the ability and latent virtue of the rising race of every degree in the state. Never has the popular mind been truly sensible of its own want, nor can it, unenlightened, devise the means of satisfying that want. Mr Dick undertakes to show the prominent points in which popular provisions fail, and thence he suggests some of the remedies for our defective or perverted discipline of the young. He details in brief the provisions for popular education which are in existence in every civilised country, and draws his principal illustrations of failure and shortcoming from England and Scotland. He shows wherein preaching, Sunday schools, catechisms, and all partial instructions are ineffectual, and furnishes many excellent directions for an alterative and corrective practice in general education.

Mr Dick's details are drawn from practices abroad, so nearly resembling our own, that the reformatory course which he points out as properly applies to us as to the English or Scotch. The main causes of unprofitable results of education Mr D. assumes to be, imperfect apprehension of the subjects of knowledge proper to be taught, and ineffective mode of exercising, and furnishing the infant and juvenile mind. Incompetent teachers are one difficulty, and the want of facilities and suitable instruments another, in his view of the subject.

What is the common notion of education—that of parents and teachers? Mr D. furnishes an answer to this question, and also shows what is the true theory of rational education. 'No term in our language,' says he, 'has been more abused and misapplied than that of education. By the great majority of our countrymen it is regarded as consisting merely in the acquisition of pronunciation, spelling, and grammar—of writing, casting accounts, and the knowledge of languages; and these acquisitions are considered of value chiefly as they prepare the individual for engaging in certain secular employments, and are instrumental in procuring his subsistence. By others it is confined to the culture and improvement of the intellect; and by a comparatively small number, it is regarded chiefly as the formation of character, and the cultivation of moral habits.' Mr Dick assumes that the end of education is to train intelligent beings to knowledge and virtue, and includes in it every means and mode of improvement by which they may be so trained.

If education be that discipline which is to form good citizens for the state; men virtuous in every relation; and beings happy in themselves, and cause of happiness to others, then the whole discipline of the child should contribute to such uses for the man. There should be nothing unimportant in the whole process; no needless using up of attention; no waste of mind, nor frivolous study; no following up of the false to the neglect of the true. But all the combinations of sound addressed as matter of instruction to a child, should utter a rational meaning, and the understanding, while it is tasked, should, as far as possible, be enlightened and satisfied; and all that is demanded of a child should be required under moral motives, and moral authority, and for moral ends. But in place of this carefulness in the mode of communicating ideas and principles, 'A farrago of *words* has been substituted in place of *things*; the elements of language have been preferred to the elements of thought; the *key* of knowledge has been exhibited instead of knowledge itself; and the youthful mind, at the termination of the common process of instruction, is almost as destitute of ideas as at its commencement.

Mr D. believes that the unintelligent system is by no means peculiar to the humbler province of education, but that the true spirit of rational and moral information does not enter in much larger measure into the culture of the more privileged subjects of it. He proceeds to show in what manner the mechanical supersedes the rational, and how instead of moral tuition other influences go to form immoral dispositions and habits. Among prevailing errors he enumerates the following.

1. 'No attempt is made to convey ideas to the youthful mind, along with the elementary sounds of language and the art of pronunciation.

2. There is scarcely one of our elementary books adapted to the capacities of youth, and calculated to excite their attention and affections, by its interesting and instructive details.

3. The memory is injudiciously and often too severely exercised.

4. Grammar is attempted to be taught at too early an age.

5. Far too much importance is attached to the acquisition of an elegant hand writing.

6. There is a deplorable want of ample accommodations, and of convenient school furniture.'

Without entering into Mr D.'s detail of imperfect methods of teaching particular sciences, it may be useful to limit these strictures to his remarks on the first two articles under which he censures popular practice. 'Provided,' says he, 'children can mouth the words, and vociferate with alacrity the different sentences contained in their lessons, it appears to be a matter of little importance in the eyes, either of parents or teachers, whether or not they appreciate the meaning of what they read.—What important purpose can be gained by a number of boys and girls spending a series of years in pronouncing, like so many parrots, a number of articulate sounds to which they annex no corresponding ideas, or impressions, and which cost them so much pain and anxiety to acquire? What is the use of the art of reading, if it be not made the medium by which knowledge and moral improvement may be communicated? And if we neglect to teach the young to apply this mean to its proper end, while they are under tuition, how can we reasonably expect that they will afterwards apply it of their own accord? By neglecting to connect the acquisition of useful information with the business of elementary teaching, we place the young nearly in the same predicament we should ourselves be in, were we obliged from day to day, to read and repeat long passages from the writings of Confucius, the Koran of Mahomet, or the Shasters of Brumah, in the Chinese, the Turkish, or Hindoo languages, while we understood not the meaning of a single term. How painful and disgusting should we feel such a revolting exercise! The consequence of this absurd practice is, that instead of exciting desires for further acquisitions in learning—in a majority of instances, we produce a disgust to every species of mental exertion and improvement; instruction becomes unpleasant and irksome, both to the teacher and the scholar; the child leaves school without having acquired any real knowledge, and destitute of any relish for it, and seldom afterwards makes any use of the instructions he has received for the further cultivation of his mind. To this cause, more than to any other, is to be attributed the ignorance which pervades a large portion of *our* population, notwithstanding the formal process of instruction they undergo—and the little relish they feel for devoting their leisure hours to the improvement of their minds, and to those pursuits which are congenial to rational and immortal natures.'

The writer of these columns entertains not the least doubt of the reasonableness of Mr Dick's conclusion in this instance. 'There is making or marring in the first discipline,' says an old writer. When a parent educates his child at home, an easy and attractive book is his first instrument of literary culture. He looks about carefully for such a one, and rejects the obscure, unmeaning, and difficult. Whoever has taught a young child from the beautifully adapted lessons of Mrs Barbauld, adding her exquisite hymns, to the first book, and who has subsequently added Miss Edgeworth's Frank and Rosamond to that initiation in the art of reading, will have made his own labor light; will have experienced no difficulty in teaching to read; will have created a love of reading, and a habit of it; and will have begun in the practice of his pupil a sense of self-cultivation and employment—he will have shown what reading is for—how easy, agreeable, and useful an attainment it is. Among children differently taught reading is mere mechanism—convenient to decipher the superscription of a letter, or to make out an advertisement, but is no balm for sorrow, no light to intellectual darkness, no defence to virtue. Not long ago a new book, Gradations in Reading and spelling, reprinted from a London copy was put into all the common schools of a large city. This worthless book, if it had any adaptation at all, was adapted to another country.—'If you go to market, buy a pullet or a rabbit for the *lady of the manor*.' 'At *supper* we had ale in a pewter pot.' 'The old miller has a very bad fever and is in danger of dying,—he may eat a *hot apple, or an oyster or two*'—are among its precious lessons. These are sufficient specimens of Mr Henry Butler's *Gradations*. His spelling lessons abound in such words as 'doggrel,' 'distich,' 'mundane,' grotesque,' and others the farthest possible from the vocabulary of a child. No parent would torment himself, or herself, with such an elementary book, in order to compel the reluctant attention of his child to attempt the art of reading by means of it, when rational, intelligible books may be had instead. But this very book, men reputed wise, in the authority of their censorship have put into the hands of hundreds of poor children, and these poor children are to have their intellects abused and their time wasted by application to such a book,

from which nothing but letters, and disgust at the sight of them, can be acquired, while the opportunity of learning all that a first book might contain that should be useful—and a rational primer may contain a great deal of information that would be useful through life, and may begin an effective course of self-culture—is lost forever. Let trustees of large schools, and teachers of infants, discriminate wisely between the suitable and unsuitable; let them encourage the construction of philosophical and moral elementary books, and they will, to use the words of Mrs Barbauld, 'lay the first stone in the foundation of a noble edifice.' That *noble edifice* will not be merely the cultivated individual, but it will be built up of cultivated society,—of many fitly joined together, who shall form the goodly structure of a happy community, a wise generation, a people zealous of good works.

It remains to another week to conclude these observations on the application of Mr Dick's opinions to our own use and improvement.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF MR DAVID WILLIAMS—THE MAGEE SNOW STORM. WRECK OF THE GENERAL ARNOLD.

Boston, Jan. 3d, 1837.

Mr Editor,—As I deem examples of distinguished excellence in humble life peculiarly important, I submit to your disposal a biographical notice of Mr David Williams, who died at South Boston, on the 4th of the last month, in the 78th year of his age, being part of a discourse preached before the Hawes Place Society the Sunday after his interment. Mr Williams was the last of the original members of that Church. The Text was from Zechariah i. 5, 'Your Fathers, where are they?'

Mr Williams was born on Governor's Island, in our immediate neighborhood, in July 1759. The circumstances of his early life afforded him but little opportunity for acquiring any other than self-education. After he had arrived at manhood he made several voyages to Sea, and was, for a considerable time engaged in privateering during the Revolutionary war. But the most of his life was employed in the fishing business, and as a Pilot in Boston harbor. In the latter employ, his familiar knowledge of the harbor rendered him exceedingly skilful. And his unusual fortitude as well as benevolence, added greatly to his usefulness. His whole life evinced, that the powers both of his mind and heart were originally accurate and well balanced. For uncommonly sound Judgment, Prudence, Discretion, and Deliberation, were among the prominent traits of his character. And all that is mild and tenderly sympathetic in our Nature, was most strongly marked in him. He was peculiarly modest and conciliating in his manners, and possessed a refined and delicate sensibility, which would have done honor to the most favored of our race. His attachments not only to his family and relatives, but to mankind, were strong and could not fail to conciliate the respect and esteem of all who knew him. He was a most affectionate parent and kind neighbor. He rejoiced in the prosperity of others, and their sorrows were his sorrows. He had his full share of trials from the morning to the evening of his days. But he never complained. He bore them all as a Christian should do. 'In his patience he possessed his soul.' He sought not a heaven below; for his hopes were fixed upon a better world. He was early predisposed no doubt, to religious impressions. For the decided cast was not given to his character,—the strong impulse, which led him cordially to embrace the Christian faith, and look to the Savior of sinners for pardon, for light and salvation, was not received from the persuasion or remonstrance of the pulpit; or from any other of the mere outward, or formal means of religion. It was the working of his own clear and consistent mind, during a voyage at sea, when he 'saw the works of God and his wonders in the deep.' When the peace of the elements sympathized with the peace of his own bosom, as he looked abroad upon the calm sea, and upon the clear expanse above. When with the Bible in his hand, he searched the mysteries of redeeming love, and mused upon the sacrifices and sufferings of him, who suffered and died for man. Yes,—while he was thus musing the fire burned.' It never after ceased to burn with him; and we have seen with what a clear and strong and steady light to his last hour: when in the same peaceful,—composed, and quiet manner, in which he had lived, his spirit fled.

Mr Williams' circumstances in life were always humble. Yet his persevering industry enabled him to bring up his family reputably. And his habits of the strictest Temperance through life preserved him usually in good health. In the estimation of all with whom I have conversed about him,—of those who have known him longest and best, he was, all things considered, a remarkable man. He seems instinctively to have avoided the profaneness, intemperance, and other bad habits, to which men of his pursuits are peculiarly exposed. He was an upright,—wise and good man;—an eminently devout, practical and consistent Christian.

Mr Williams' occupation furnished frequent opportunities for the proof of his fortitude, and his refined benevolence. One eminent instance I will here mention.

As he was once returning from fishing, in the winter season, a thick snow-storm came on, just at night. Amidst the confusion of the storm and the darkness, a heavy laden Merchant-vessel returning from sea had got among the Breakers not far from the Boston Light-house, and was in great danger of being immediately dashed upon the rocks. In a situation of such imminent peril, Mr Williams perceived scarce a hope of rendering the least assistance. But he could not resist the prayers and entreaties of the men on board. At the great hazard of his own life, and of his little Bark, he made a successful attempt to get on board. He providentially extricated them from their danger, and took them and their valuable ship safely up to Long-wharf the same evening; notwithstanding the snow was so dense, that not the least light could be discerned from any quarter, the whole distance. And he had no other means of ascertaining the course, but the sediment from the bottom, which adhered to the sounding lead. The next day, the generosity and gratitude of the sailors prompted them to contribute a handsome sum of money, to present to him, as a token of their obligations. He refused to accept it of them, on the ples, that it was incumbent on the owners, rather than them, to offer such a compensation. The wealthy owners, however, and they were among the wealthiest, satisfied their conscien-ces with paying him merely the usual Pilot's fees. Still he refused to the last to accept any pecuniary reward from the more considerate and warm-hearted seamen.

Another incident in the life of Mr Williams, of most uncommon and affecting interest, which illustrates his disinterested and warm attachment, I beg leave to relate, as I took it down in writing from him and his brother John, some years before the decease of the latter, and while he resided among us.

David Williams, then nineteen years old, and his brother John, two years younger, were among the crew of the Privateer brig, General Arnold, of twenty guns and one hundred six men, which sailed from Boston on Thursday, Dec. 24th, 1778. In the afternoon of that day there was a fall of damp snow, which soon froze to the rigging, and about the vessel,—rendered her difficult to manage, and detained her off the Gurnet, in Plymouth harbor.

On Friday the 25th, P. M. the cold greatly increased. The wind rose at N. N. E. and a snowstorm commenced, for its violence and intense cold, unparalleled in the history of storms in New England. It is yet referred to as an era, at Plymouth, and called the Magee snow-storm. From the severity of the weather, probably the precaution was not taken to lighten the Brig of her guns, and other disposable lading, which the Messrs Williams always believed would have enabled her to ride over the bar into the deep tide-soaked snow, where she would have stuck fast, and remained secure. Towards the dawn of Saturday morning, the 26th, she parted her cables—drifted, struck upon the beach and bilged. On Saturday P. M. after the utmost exertion at the pumps to clear her of water, the men were obliged to relinquish both the vessel and themselves to their fate. Sunday the 27th, was fair, but dreadfully, insupportably cold, with the wind blowing at N. W. The people of Plymouth made every possible exertion to construct a bridge of boats, planks, &c. for their relief, but without success. When they were seen to return, the crew sunk disheartened, and died to the number of seventy-eight; and from the merciless pelting of the billows, which froze hard to them, their bodies soon presented more the appearance of solid masses, or rather statues of ice, than of real human bodies. On Monday the 28th, the weather had somewhat moderated; and the men of Plymouth rendered their benevolent exertions with better success. They reached the vessel a little before sunset. Twenty-eight of those frozen, famished and exhausted sufferers were yet alive. Since Friday they had tasted neither food nor drink. After the vessel had been given up, they were obliged to huddle together upon the quarter-deck, with no outer garments,—no extra covering whatever, and no shelter but the skies. Thus night and day, they had sustained the raging of the wind and the sea, and the dreadful cold. All that chanced to be saved from below was a keg of rum, of which all, who were incautious enough to drink, after a short exhilaration, sunk to a man, into a stupor, from which they never awoke. The wiser of them poured the rum into their boots, so that their feet were less frozen. In this they followed the example of the Captain, James Magee, who was among the saved. He is yet well remembered in this vicinity, as the affable and intelligent owner of the seat in Roxbury, late the residence of Governor Eustis.

When help arrived, the younger Williams, then scarce seventeen years old, who during the storm had been without hat, cap, mittens boots or shoes; badly frozen and nearly famished with hunger, was unable to leave the vessel. But David, though much exhausted, and ill able to move himself, was resolved to perish with his brother, rather than leave him. And was attempting to carry him through the half frozen brine, up to his waist, when their kind deliverers took them both off in safety.

The attachment of those excellent men, rendered more interesting and tender by this occurrence, all the storms of life served only to confirm. They 'were partners together' in their fishing business, most of their days, like two of the first disciples; and never far nor long removed from each other. After the elder lost his consort, about twelve years ago, the younger invited him into his own family, where for several years, and until the decease of the younger, they exhibited a truly child-like affection for each other,—the admiration of all who witnessed it. And at his decease the younger settled an annuity for life upon the elder, from his more ample fortune.

It was long before John Williams recovered from the injuries of his shipwreck, and he occasionally suffered much from the effects of it through life. He was always lame from having lost the extremities of both his feet; one of which became so diseased, and extremely painful, that six years ago he submitted to an amputation of it, under the hand of the elder Dr Miller, of Franklin. The operation which he bore with great firmness, at the age of sixty-nine, was completely successful, and contributed greatly to his comfort and happiness for the remnant of his days.

Those loving brothers have now both gone to the rewards of their fidelity. Like those friends of old, we read of, they were indeed 'lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not long divided.' They have met at last where their affections will no more be interrupted,—safe beyond the storms and shipwrecks of life;—where the waves of trouble can reach them no more, and the billows of temptation no more assail.

Note.—It is believed that there is at present but one survivor of the crew of the General A. This is the venerable Cornelius Merchant, of Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard.

[From the Presbyterian.]

DEVELOPMENT OF THE HEART IN THE GERMAN CHARACTER.

'Appealing by the magic of its name,
To gentle feelings and affections, kept
Within the heart, like gold.'

'Fac, ut possim demonstrare
Quam sit dulce te amare;—
Tecum pati, tecum flere,
Tecum semper congaudere!
Melancthon, (quoted by Tholuck.)

You cannot long converse with a German without discovering that he has a heart. The English are, as a nation, cold, zurueckgezogen in their manners—and the Americans, particularly those of the northern states, partake too largely of this character. Indeed, it seems a pride among many of us to manifest the least possible feeling upon occasions where nature speaks most warmly. This repression of the influence of the heart, this reversion of the warm glow which would fain shine in the countenance and animate the actions, cannot but have an unfavorable effect upon our affections, as well as upon our power of touching and of arousing the gentler and nobler feelings of our fellow men.

Any habit, any shame which is at war with the dictates of a pure heart and an enlightened conscience must be false, and more or less destructive to happiness. It is a sickly trait in the character, when unnatural shame represses and conceals feelings which our conscience approves, and in the manifestation of which not only would the strictest propriety not be endangered, but social and domestic happiness would be increased. And the cause whence springs such false shame must be one unworthy of influence upon a being whose dignity it is to possess not only an intellect, to understand, but a heart to feel. When God gave to man 'a sublime countenance' it was not, most surely, that the light of intellect should there predominate. Exalted intellect may exist in an infernal spirit—but the noble lustre of a warm, pure heart beams not upon his front. Indeed there are themes on which the feelings of the heart give us knowledge, when intellectual research is vain, and imagination has been baffled—and is it too much to affirm that feeling is not only the spring, but often the safe guide of action, when knowledge is imperfect?

In no country of Europe is the intellect so highly cultivated as in Germany, in none is the heart so warmly developed. For the symmetric development of mental and moral man, Prussia, Saxony, and Weimar stand far before England, France and our United States. Well was the attribute, *la patrie de la pensee* accorded by a talented authoress to Germany. She might have added, in the expressive language of the Germans, das Vaterland des Hertzens—the native land of the heart.

Enter the study of the German *Savant*—ten or twelve hours of every day are there consumed in literary or theological pursuits. Induce him to remit for an hour his labors, engage him in a conversation which shall draw forth the treasures of his mind, and you will be surprised to find how soon, be the subject extremely abstract, he will connect sentiment and feeling with it. You will be regaled in witnessing the simultaneous manifestation of mind and heart. The light of science is never with him moonlight. Whatever be his theme he will extend it, he will ramify it, he will connect it legitimately with a host of ideas and sentiments which, although at first sight they seemed alien to it, his spirit of system knows how to assimilate: and gradually and irresistibly you become sensible not only that his heart is in his subject, but that he has thrown around that subject such an atmosphere of light and heat that your feelings are deeply interested. His old, dusty study seems lighted up with joy; and you leave it, not at all astonished that such a man loves science, has courted and won her.

The development of the heart in the women of Germany, the expression of it in their eyes, and in the tones of their voice, constitutes their principal attraction: and it is remarkable how soon this gives charm to a countenance fair but generally not otherwise beautiful. Often in my strolls I have paused to hear—and sometimes have made unnecessary inquiries, to hear again—those tones so full of music, so laden with the heart. To a degree of instruction unusual to their sex in other countries, they join a candor and cordiality, a power to perceive and respond to your feelings which are rare. In any being in whom the development of the heart is so indispensable to the fulfillment of her destiny as in woman, superiority in the affections must confer superior influence in all appropriate spheres of action. In no nation has woman a deeper and happier, although elsewhere she may exert a more public influence, than in Germany. Among no people, except those more or less Germanic, in distinction to those of Latin origin, can she boast the noble and happy sway here accorded her—for it was in the nations of the former class that the transit from barbarism to civilization was made under the auspices of Christianity.

It is in the exhibition of family affection, that the development of the heart in the German character is most strongly marked. No where, among those closely united by the ties of nature, have I seen such manifestations of deep, tender interest, as those which animate the looks, and words, and actions, of German families. In all nations the mother loves her child, the husband his wife, the brother his sister—but the constant, warm, heartfelt manifestations of that love shine preeminently here. Speak a word in praise of his brother, and the warm pressure of your hand, and the glistening eye indicates that the heart of the German has been touched. Sympathise with him in sickness or sorrow, and a tear attests that his heart is in the thanks which you receive. Listen with what affection the mother speaks of her husband and her child, and observe how extremely sensitive she is in all that concerns their reputation. Enter their grave yards, and read the simple, touching inscriptions which show how the members of a family love each other. I remember one—on the grave of a child—

Du war'st des Vater's Trost—
Du war'st der Mutter Freude—
Gott aber liebt dich mehr
Als alle diese beide!

Listen even to the prattle of a child with his parent, the endearing epithets with which the little one struggles to express his heart. Enter, at last, the German family circles; and there, if never before, ask knowledge—

'To make a happy fire-side clime
For weans an' wife,
That 's the true pathos and sublime
O' human life.'

That the peculiar development of the heart in religion should constitute one of the most interesting features in the German character will naturally be expected. If it be the blessed effect of the Christian religion to illuminate and vivify every heart in which it operates, and, breathing every where the same spirit and presenting the same motives and doctrine, to assimilate man to man, its manifestation must be essentially the same in all nations. If, however, it be equally true that Christianity does no violence to individual or national peculiarties modify the developments of piety, we may examine with interest and profit the distinctive manifestations of the same religion among different societies of men.

The greatest independence in private sentiment is insisted upon by every class of Christians in Germany; and every reflecting man among them has his own particular manner of viewing religion. Accustomed as we have been to regard the theologians of that country as in general, vissionary and infidel, it surprises a stranger to discover the detachibility between their heart and their intellect on this solemn subject. Had I not felt personally sure that a religious heart is impossible without a religious mind, my belief in the indissoluble connection between views and feelings would have been soon overthrown. No one will deny that there is in Germany a very large number of rationalists, infidels. It is however equally and happily evident that the number of those whom an enlightened charity must denominate Christians is very considerable. But even in the latter class, and it includes many men of mighty intellects, it is fearful to observe how sometimes a speculative propensity almost wrecks a believing heart. The unbridled liberty which a German Christian permits to speculation frequently alloys for a time his faith, until his false notions have been rejected, by a vain, but often gigantic attempt to reconcile them with his religious feelings, the results of fundamental truths upon his heart. To those who delight in observing the motions of the soul, the operation of Christianity in many a German of profound, active spirit presents phenomena of the deepest interest. And not only are they in the habit of analysing their emotions, but their language enables them to express accurately and fully, at least more so than any other living tongue, what they feel.

It is a noble sight,—one of these men in whom evangelic views, and hopes, and feelings have taken up their abode. Great and worthy of all imitation as is the zeal and enterprise with which the American Church is blessed, yet, in fervor, she may receive a lesson from the spirit which she may receive a lesson from the spirit which burns in the bosoms of the true Christians of Germany. The impression which they make upon a stranger is immediately ranked by him among his surest evidences of the truth of Christianity: it is in the development of their heart that you at once recognise them to be the disciples of Jesus Christ.

C.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE FOUR GOSPELS WITH NOTES. By Alden Bradford.

Will you, Mr Editor, allow us a short space in your valuable print, to express our sincere and hearty commendation of this useful yet unpretending volume. We wish that others, of a similar design, commencing with larger promise had proved so fortunate of execution.

We recommend it to all Teachers of Sunday Schools as well adapted to assist them in their arduous labors of Explanation and Criticism. And the humble inquirer will be well repaid for his attentive perusal; finding here the elaborated arguments and abstruse researches of Scholars and Critics presented in a condensed form, and divested of all professional technicalities. The unlettered Reader who comes thirsting for Gospel Truth, too often turns from the Teacher's page that only adds another seal to the Fountain it professes to unclose; for he finds anything but Gospel Simplicity. It has been objected to Commentators that, in very many instances their labors, instead of throwing light upon the sacred page, has tended to confuse and perplex the mind by their much speaking, to suggest cavils and doubts, and to overburden the text with conjectures and hypothetical uncalled for criticisms. So far from this Mr Bradford has sometimes left us to regret that he has stopped short, never that he has overstepped the bounds, of legitimate Criticism.

After a 'General Introduction' that should be studied by every *Doubter*, we are introduced to each Gospel by a notice and brief history of the writer, his peculiarities of education or circumstance; the genius of his style: his personal history: and indeed of every topic calculated to throw light upon his labors and bear witness that his record is true. We are glad that the text has been so cautiously handled; and that each instance of change presents the moral more strikingly and forcibly to view and brings out the sentiment more clearly and vividly.

Mr Bradford tells us in his modest preface that he 'has pursued his inquiries, as to the meaning of the sacred writers, with freedom, but with much deliberation and caution. His object is to throw light on the writings of these holy men, for the benefit of the common class of readers. And if it shall excite more attention to the sacred scriptures which testify of Jesus the Messiah, and show unto us the way of salvation, he will have attained the object he has in view by its publication.' As one of the class for whom he has labored, and to whose moral improvement he has so kindly devoted his time and talents, do we present our hearty and humble thanks.' Feeling that he has done much in this volume to pave the way to scripture search, we anticipate his second volume on the Acts and the Epistles.

S.

ADDRESS

Of the Council of the Massachusetts Temperance Society, to the Clergymen of this Commonwealth.

In addressing the Clergy of Massachusetts, the Council feel secure of both sympathy and support. The object of the Temperance Enterprise is human progress. It began when great ignorance, and an alarming apathy in regard to a subject of paramount interest prevailed. It was either not known, or certainly was not felt, how the customs of society in respect to the use, as drinks, of the various preparations of alcohol, were directly tending to intemperance, and to its numerous and unmixed evils. These customs were so prevalent, so almost universal, that the greater numbers in all communities were in that state of indifference about the whole subject, which so wide spread an evil is so sure to produce. The evil perpetuated itself; for example was wholly on its side; and to offer new views respecting it, was regarded as much an impertinence, as it was considered to be fanatical. How large an influence personal interest had, and continues to have, in supplying the means of continuing the customs referred to, is too well known to be more than alluded to. The Temperance Enterprise took all these facts into consideration, in the very earliest days of its history, and directed its efforts to two principal objects,—obtaining knowledge concerning this important subject of its interest,—and the diffusion of such knowledge through the whole country.

The Council cannot refrain here from adverting to the vast amount of information, which, within so short a period, has been acquired, and how generally and freely it has been spread abroad. The active friends of the reform every where have entered cheerfully into the labor of inquiry, and have daily sought for new means, and new occasions for promulgating what they believe to be the whole truth in regard to it. And with what precious results have these labors been blessed! This cause began here; and from this country it has spread itself over the world. The doctrines of Temperance have become settled, established principles. They enter deeply into the most important departments of education, having their broad and deep foundations in the physical and moral constitution of man. As such they address themselves to every friend of humanity, of every class and of every clime. They call upon the great and the good every where for adoption, for practice, and for promulgation.

In addressing the Clergy of Massachusetts, on this great subject, the Council beg leave to ask for it, their most serious attention. They know that its doctrines enter into, and form a vital part of, the teachings of the clergy. They beg leave now, most respectfully, to ask for it, a particular, a special notice. And with this view, they submit their request, that each of the Clergy of this Commonwealth will devote a sermon or sermons to this subject, on a particular day, and beg leave to designate the last Sunday in January next, for this object.

The union of such numbers in this important subject, and of men, too, holding the relations with communities which the clergy do, cannot but do good. It can only do good; for they are deeply conversant with the whole evil of intemperance. They see its evils in their most melancholy forms. They know how fatal it is to religious and moral progress,—how it embitters the whole of this life, and with what darkness it covers the future. The Clergy enjoy the unquestionable privilege of speaking to their hearers as man to man, and an acknowledged authority to speak of all evil, and of all its consequences. By their numbers,—by their character and influence,—by their important relations, and by the kind respect and regard they every where enjoy in our State and land, they have nameless and numberless opportunities for doing good. Most earnestly do the Council of this Society make this appeal for their special aid in carrying forward this reform, in the conviction that such offices by the blessing of God, are among the surest means of beneficence.

John C. Warren, *President.*
Horace Mann, *Vice President.*
Walter Channing, *Recording Secretary.*
Charles Brown, *Treasurer.*
Moses Grant, }
Joshua B. Flint, } *Counsellors,*
Samuel K. Lothrop, }
William W. Stone, }
Boston, December 27, 1836.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE INFLUENCE OF FASHION UPON RELIGION. NO. I.

Mr Editor,—That there is something of fashion in the externals of religion, as well as in dress, and the intercourse of common life, must be apparent to every person of observation. Many things are done, or omitted, from regard to the wishes or expectations of others; or at least the manner of doing them is more or less controlled by such a regard. Such an accommodation to the changeable influences of time or place some may apprehend to be an unjustifiable conformity to the world. They may think that the apostle Paul has given us a different lesson or example, Gal. i. 10, where he says, 'Do I seek to please men?' 'If I yet pleased men, I should not be a servant of Christ.' Where any sacrifice of truth or virtue would have been involved in yielding to the dictates or wishes of fellow men, Paul indeed was inexorable, and so must every one be who would be acknowledged *as a true disciple of Jesus.* There are some things in religion which neither time nor place can affect, and which, like Divinity itself, are the same 'yesterday, to-day, and forever.' Such, for example, is the cultivation of all the devout and benevolent affections in the heart, the preference of heavenly to earthly things in all the pursuits of the present world, and an abstinence in our outward life from every thing incompatible with such affections and views. These are among the things we should 'do heartily, as to the Lord and not to men.' Neither the desire of pleasing, nor the fear of offending any human being, or all human beings, should lead us to neglect the light and life of God in the soul, or prevent those radiations, which will naturally flow from them, and on a variety of occasions, make the principles and feelings of the heart apparent to others.

But, while in the great essentials of truth and virtue the Christian acts from a more unchanging principle than that of fashion or public opinion, there are some other things, in which he will be more or less controlled by regard to the characters, sentiments and feelings of his neighbors and friends. The apostle Paul was not, perhaps, more distinguished for his inflexible adherence to the vital principles of truth and righteousness, than he was for the spirit of accommodation in the use of means for the promotion of truth and righteousness. Of himself he says, 'I please all men in all things, not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many that they may be saved.' In another place, he tells us, 'I become all things to all men, that I may by all means save some.' Of this yielding spirit he has set us one remarkable example, recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, in which he made a vow attended with a variety of ceremonies, for the purpose of quieting the clamor of the Jews, and gratifying the wishes of his friends, though he did not believe those ceremonies to be in themselves of any further validity.

The instructions given by this great Apostle to others, harmonized perfectly with the principles of his own conduct. To the Romans he writes, 'Let every one of us please his neighbor for his good unto edification;' and to enforce the exhortation he adds, 'Even Christ pleased not himself.'

To enumerate some of the instances in which we may and should pay some regard to fashion or custom, to the opinions or feelings of others, I would observe that such a regard should have some influence on the length and phraseology of our social prayers. The object of such exercises undoubtedly is, to excite and improve the feelings of devotion. This object should be kept continually in view; and, if in any given circumstances, more of true piety is likely to be produced by a prayer of ten minutes in length, than by one of fifteen or twenty, an enlightened clergyman, who has a proper regard to the cause, will be unwilling to exceed ten minutes. Among the circumstances from which the probable effects are to be calculated, we should unquestionably number those of custom, expectation, and the general wish. In like manner we must allow the phraseology of prayer to be moulded more or less by the taste or feelings of those who are to unite in it. Those feelings may indeed be unaccountable, but if they are innocent, there is no reason why they should not be indulged, and especially if they may be made conducive to real devotion.

Again, the time and manner of circulating the truth are to be determined by similar considerations. Says the apostle Paul to the Corinthians, 'I have fed you with milk, and not with meat, for hitherto ye were not able to bear it,' and to the same effect, one greater than Paul said to his disciples, 'I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.' With a like regard to circumstances, our blessed Lord clothed his doctrines in the figurative dress of parables, when he taught those who were not prepared for an immediate and express declaration of the truth.

What is said above may be applied, perhaps, to all the externals of religion. We have room here only for a few hints, which may be taken up and enlarged upon in some future papers.

S. W.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.
BOSTON, JANUARY 14, 1837.

THE WRECK OF THE MEXICO.

Almost every paper that we have taken up for the last few months, has contained mournful intelligence of some disaster, greater or less, on the sea. The awful impression wrought upon our minds by the burning of the Royal Tar had hardly yet lost any of its distinctness, when it was suddenly almost effaced by the harrowing tidings of the wreck of the Mexico—aggravated by tenfold horrors.

If it be true that not a *sparrow falleth* without the notice of the Father, and if it be so that by the fate of the least of birds, as it lies with stiffened wing, and frozen tongue in our path, God addresses the sympathies of every good heart, then, in this tremendous catastrophe—this accumulated waste of human life—fathers, mothers, children, age, infancy, the guilty and the good engulfed in one shuddering mass, in the insatiate flood—how palpable is the mysterious and terrible agency of the Almighty, and how evidently does his awful voice thunder in the ears of our citizens, sublime and solemn lessons. . . . . It is not our purpose to dwell minutely upon the crowded horrors of the scene. Indeed, they are not for language to pourtray, nor even for imagination to picture, as they passed before the bewildered eyes of that awe-struck group, which, powerless to render aid, and yet almost driven into the foaming flood by a vehement desire to rescue, stood on the beach that night, and amidst all the tumult of the tempest, heard the piercing shrieks, that, at first, in wild yells of despair, and gradually growing fainter and fainter, rose from the neighboring wreck, till one by one, those miserable fellow creatures, to the number of one hundred and eight souls, drowned, strangled, frozen, dropped into eternity.

There were some particulars, however, in connexion with the fate of these miserable men which we ought not to pass by unnoticed; which tended to heighten the agony of their sufferings, and which render this shipwreck, in our opinion, unparalleled in the annals of such disasters.

After a tedious and boisterous passage, they had at length, with irrepressible gratitude and joy hailed the friendly shore. The vast, wintry sea had been safely crossed. The long and dreary interval of ocean, which had been so dreadful in the anticipation, so terrible in the reality, was now all left behind them. And the hearts of many in that Cabin leapt with impatient delight, as they seemed to be already springing into the arms of long separated friends, and bounding over the pleasant door stone of their childhood's home. . . . . And Fathers too were there, already welcoming to their anxious breasts the sweet sense of relief, as they thought how soon they should transfer their precious living treasures from the 'tossed plaything of the perilous sea' to a safer roof on the solid shore. . . . . The signals for a Pilot were hoisted, but to their grief and vexation, no Pilot came. The ensign of distress was hung out, but to their anguish this too was unanswered. And now, sick at heart, and full of indefinable presentiments of horror, half famished, and part of the crew unable to work, they are cast back, in this rudest of winter storms, and ignorant of their way, upon the cruel mercies of a black, and threatening sea, ... Not many hours elapsed, before their worst presentiments were more than realized. The ship struck upon a beach, not a cable's length from the shore, while surge after surge with frozen spray was breaking incessantly over her. . . . . Attempt to imagine the agony of the long hours that rolled by, ere the intrepid and generous men on shore, having succeeded in procuring a boat, at the imminent hazard of their lives ventured off to the ship—the worse agony of those, who, left behind after the rescued *seven* had safely gained the shore, expected continually a renewal of the bold attempt, till another sun went down and night again closed in, and no help came—and then, their black and settled despair—so near the shore, and yet never again to set a foot upon it—but, all, all freezing, drowning, famished, prepared or unprepared, ere another morning, all to die a thousand deaths in one—attempt to bring before us the reality of their anguish—for they were our brothers and we ought to try to feel for them—and though the attempt be vain, it will make our hearts better.

But it becomes us reverently to inquire, what would God teach us by this solemn event. By this tremendous sacrifice of human life and hopes, in such an awful manner, He would assuredly crush down all petty love and pride of self—all confidence in earthly props. . . . . Who will murmur now at his insect troubles? who will repine now at the failure of his pigmy plans? who will despair now because a little cloud lowers upon his path—the finger of God points him to that awful scene, and conscience bids him blush to call himself a man. . . . . Before God we must not, cannot, will not, hold so high our single life; or pamper it in time to come so heedfully—nor hug our treasures and our own little family so

closely to our bosoms, when we think of those, whose *all* the voracious deep swallowed up with themselves on that terrible night; and think of the feelings of those parents who clasped their affrighted children to their tortured breasts and prayed to see them die. . . . . .

Did not God spare those hundred fathers, mothers, infants? And why should our fold be secure this night, in the bosom of which, with our *ten*, we lie confidently down? . . . . . .

If so be that our own friends and kindred drop away peacefully in the bosom of home; though they are the dearest and loveliest of the earth, if they are permitted to fall asleep in our arms; if it is our own hand that closes their eyes; if they can enjoy the quiet of their own pleasant chamber while the soul is putting on the wedding garment, and not be tossed about rudely upon the shattered wreck, with tumult and despair around them wherever they turn; if they may melt into eternity under the mild sunshine of our softened smile, their soul wafted to heaven by the breath of our ardent prayers and our soft whispers of peace, and not be rent from life in blackness, confusion, tempest and agony; if we can lay their precious dust to moulder unmolested in the pleasant valley, where we can visit its bed and say, 'How peaceful its repose! here be my last sleeping place!' We must not then forget to thank our God at least for this great mercy, that our bereavement is spared the sorer pang of theirs whose hearts will never cease to bleed when they think of the awful death-scene of their beloved on the deck of the ill-fated Mexico. . . . . .

But, HUMANITY, tender true, sleepless humanity is assuredly *the great* lesson of this event. That humanity which watches, which plans, which gives, which prays for the prevention of such heart-rending calamities, and of all the varied miseries to which spiritual and bodily, the human family is exposed.

In the midst of our ten thousand comforts and blessings, it summons us as with a voice of thunder, not to rest at ease—receiving all from God—while we are doing nothing or next to nothing for brother man. It gives a mighty shock to the very citadel of our sympathies. 'Alas! Alas!' we say, most miserable men. Could not that hardy veteran, who went once to their rescue, with his sons and his grandsons, have made one othpr attempt, have accomplished something more for their deliverance? Noble old man, and noble descendants of such a sire! they indeed did all they could, and far more than most had dared to do.

But *we, we* it is—aye each and all of us Christians, men, who are in fault. What have *we done*, what are we doing in humanity's cause!

Have we not slept too much at ease in our possessions?

Have we not been too careless of the lives and perils of our fellow men? Did we—if no more—did we remember as we went to our sweet slumbers, on those dismal nights when the tempests were rioting abroad, and on on of which the voyagers in the Mexico, met their dreadful fate—did we remember—to breathe a prayer, importunate—hearty—for our brothers tossed upon the raging deep? If not, methinks—a whisper of reproach must come to our ears from their dying wail. . . . . .

The *country* too, on whose shores, so many precious human wrecks have been strewed—while within its borders, wealth overflows, and peace and safety sit enthroned, and prosperity diffuses abroad her smiles—the *nation*, ought to hear tones of solemn reproof, and lessons of warning in the roar of every beach, and the clangor of every ocean tempest amongst her cruel rocks. . . . . God grant that the awful fate of the inmates of the Mexico, may so move the sympathies of the whole mass of our people, that thought, genius, treasure, toil shall not be spared, until lighthouses, pilots, steamboats, cutters, and hardy and ready mariners in plenty are provided for the safety of the sailor along the whole sweep of our coast.

Then this terrible catastrophe will not have been in vain, nor the death-agony of those miserable brethren for nought. But, in years to come, ten thousand voyagers as they leap upon our shores, will bless the wreck of the Mexico (though they know it not,) in their glow of grateful joy.

SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF PAUPERISM.

Among the multitude of Benevolent Associations which have been formed of late years in our community, there is none which we regard with more interest than this, or from which we expect more excellent results.

Its object is to *investigate* with the utmost vigilance and minuteness the *causes* of all the cases of Pauperism that come under its notice—and to endeavor with strict fidelity to apply the remedy to the *roots* of the evil. The Society has established an office under the Savings Bank in Tremont St.: in which is stationed an agent, Mr Simonds, a man of first rate qualifications for the responsible and arduous duties which are devolved upon him, and also of much practical experience as a visitor of the Poor.

This Society held a public meeting on Tuesday of the last week, in the new Jerusalem Chapel in Phillips Place, which was well attended—and afforded us much instruction and pleasure.

Hon. Nathan Gurney in the chair.

A long and interesting Report was read by Mr Simonds—which has been kindly furnished us, and from which we make the few following extracts.

A little more than a year ago, a number of gentlemen, at the suggestion of the Delegates of the Benevolent Societies in this city, after much consultation and discussion, proceeded to organize the society for the prevention of Pauperism. About three months since the society took the room formerly known as 'The Office of the Visiters of the poor' under the Savings Bank in Tremont street. The agent of the Society attends at the office during the forenoon business hours. He spends the residue of the day in visiting the poor, and in various attempts to promote the objects of the society. It is designed to make the Reference office useful to the community, especially to the poor and strangers in the city, seeking employment.

Hitherto the most numerous class of applicants has been those who ask aid in money, wood, groceries and clothing. No such relief is administered at the office, but *pressing cases* are referred to the appropriate sources of charity. The season has been, thus far, so favorable, that but few have been so referred. Suggestions are made to applicants of modes for increasing their means and diminishing their expenses. It is, often found, on careful enquiry, that they have resources which they strive to keep out of view. Many applicants have been visited at their dwelling by the ministers at large, and other experienced visiters of the poor, including ladies, who serve use in works of benevolence. It may be proper to state a few facts in this connection.

A poor ignorant woman applied to one of the managers for advice and aid under circumstances of peculiar distress and embarrassment. She was wholly destitute and had two children depending on her for protection and support. She had been greatly injured by a person of some standing in society, who was about to leave this part of the country, without doing anything to repair the injury. After hearing her artless tale of weakness and sorrow, and after considerable inquiry, she was assisted to seek legal redress. It was obtained, and she and her children are placed beyond the fear of pauperism.

Three or four weeks ago, an emigrant family arrived in this city, via Quebec. They complained of utter poverty, but professed to be willing to work. They were strangers and friendless. There was a widowed mother and five daughters from thirteen years of age upwards. The girls wished to find employment so that they could support themselves and their mother. They were soon provided with good situations, but not till one of them was saved, providentially, from being drawn into a den of pollution as a domestic. One of those abandoned beings who lie in wait to deceive and ruin, saw her in the street, perceived her ignorance and artlessness, and sought her as a victim. A benevolent individual who had seen her at the Reference office recognised her and prevented the evil.

Applications to assist in procuring situations for children in town and country, have been numerous. By verbal arrangements and other correspondence a considerable number of boys and girls have been provided for in good families.

It is not intended to make the Reference office a general free intelligence office for the benefit of discontented and unsteady servants. To strangers in the city, and to such as need aid in procuring employment suited to their capacities, we wish to afford all the information we can acquire.

There are many persons capable of some labor, who, for various reasons, can work only at their homes, and who for want of employment are dependent on charity. For such, simple employment, by which they may earn food, fuel and the means of paying rent, is much needed. *Information to meet this want is particularly requested.*

One leading object of the society is to suppress beggary and imposition. The cases of begging impostors are investigated and exposed. Their deceptions might be illustrated by abundant recent examples. The character Boston has acquired for 'open philanthropy' doubtless induces many to come from abroad, to be a burden on this community.

The cases of applicants for charitable aid present an almost endless variety of circumstances, and require varied attention. In some instances relief should be extended with great liberality. In others a *little* is better than *much*. Sometimes *loans* are better than *gifts*. In many cases the individuals have relations or particular friends ready and willing to afford all proper support. Some may be referred to churches with which they are connected and which are ready to watch over their temporal as well as spiritual wants. Some belong to other towns or states; and have no especial claim on us: they should be advised, perhaps urged to return home. Many get a great deal more in charity than is necessary for a comfortable subsistence. There are cases in which all outdoor relief is entirely wrong—persons who should never be supported out of the almshouse or similar establishment where they cannot be drunken. Families ask aid of which the husband and father is absent by mutual consent and arrangement. The plan has been settled that the wife and children are to beg during his absence. They are only carrying out with success here, their previous practice in Europe.

It is often a subject of remark and loud complaint that female labor is not adequately rewarded. It is said that poor females are driven to desperation and to vice by the low wages given for coarse needle work. Perhaps this matter is not fairly understood. Tailoresses such as can do good needle work are generally well paid, but a too numerous class can only make inferior articles. Prices are governed by the demand, and so long as too many seek only one kind of work, so long will the price of that be depressed. Could a portion of those who now labor on *slop-work* improve their capacity, and secure better wages, the whole would soon feel the benefit. Expert and well taught sempstresses earn seventy five cents a day, as easily as bunglers earn twelve cents.

Various causes have combined to make the present condition of the poor unusually unfavorable. Rents and every article of domestic consumption are remarkably high priced. Among the disasterous effects of the late speculating mania, many are thrown out of employment. The laboring class cannot readily turn their hands to any work to which they are unaccustomed. What are called low priced tenements, command the highest interest of any investments. In many cases one third of this goes into the pockets of middle men who hire old houses or blocks and underlet by rooms. They are too often cold, damp and filthy. No wonder husbands and fathers are allured from them to grog shops, and that disease and death are so common in these miserable abodes. The poor can purchase the necessaries of life only in small quantities, and they pay twenty five or fifty per cent higher than their thrifty neighbors.

Those who cannot give with confidence that their alms are well bestowed, would do well to make some of the benevolent societies, that have experienced almoners, the depositories of their bounty. There is no want of unexceptionable objects for the exercise of benevolence.

We wish to see the condition of the poor improved through their own exertions. We wish to furnish them freely with such information as may be beneficial. We would point them to industry, economy and sobriety as the pathway to virtue, respectability and happiness.

The meeting was afterwards addressed in a very interesting and often eloquent manner, by Rev. C. F. Barnard, Alden Bradford Esq., Dr Walter Channing, Dr F. H. Gray, Judge Simmons, Robert Waterston Jr., Rev. Mr Taylor, Dr Bowditch, and Deacon Grant; all of whom gave the Society a cordial God-speed, to which every heart present responded—Amen.

AUXILIARY BIBLE SOCIETY OF SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

Extract from a letter lately received from a highly respectable American now travelling in Europe.

Sheffield, October 7, 1836.

My Dear Sir,—We are now passing a few days at this place, noted for its fine cutlery and plated ware, * * * * * *

We yesterday attended a meeting of the Auxiliary Bible Society of Sheffield. There was a goodly number present. The meeting was addressed in short speeches by some of the influential and wealthy townsmen and afterward by several clerical gentlemen of the established Church and dissenters. Among the speakers was Mr Montgomery the Poet, who seemed to take a strong interest in the subject before the Society. But the most interesting and chief speaker was the travelling agent of the Parent Society in London, the Rev. Mr Acworth, whose business it is to meet the branch societies, to represent the condition, doings, and wants of those, who have been so actively engaged in circulating throughout the reading world and in so many languages, the sacred Scriptures. He paid a just tribute to the American Bible Societies with whose doings he appeared to be well acquainted. The united efforts of the two countries in this great and philanthropic enterprise he represented to be such as to furnish for gratuitous distribution no less than three thousands copies of the bible per minute.† During the thirty years that this great engine has been in operation the multiplication of the sacred volume had probably equalled that of all the preceding seventeen centuries since the promulgation of the gospel. Mr A. attended to the efforts and predictions of Voltaire and Gibbon, and stated that having lately come from Switzerland he had the satisfaction of seeing the apartments of the former occupied as a repository for Bibles and religious tracts, and that of the latter consecrated to similar objects. He told us that he preached in Italy to a Protestant congregation while centinels stood at the door to prevent the entrance of Catholics, that he had inquired at most of the bookstores in Rome for a bible in the language of the country and was told that such *mystical* books were forbidden to be sold by the Papal Government. He showed us at the same time a little piece of paper in the shape of a female foot which was distributed and sold in immense numbers purporting to be the exact print of the sole of the Virgin Mary's foot proclaiming 300 years indulgence to such as would purchase and kiss it and say so many ave marias. A more encouraging prospect presented itself in Spain. Although the late ministers refused to allow the British Bible Society to distribute Spanish Bibles, leave had lately been obtained to this effect and the countenance of the archbishop secured, a great and unexpected triumph. Spain has yielded at last, and suffered herself to be placed under this healing, all-powerful influence, after very considerable progress had been made in Hindoostan, Siam, and China, and even among the colored tribes of Africa. Mr A. mentioned among the contributions to the Parent Society a considerable sum that had been forwarded from the interior of Africa, another very respectable in amount from Botany Bay, the chief agent in forming the Society, having been a convict. A valuable donation was received from Hayti in a shipment of the best coffee that the Island afforded. This was in acknowledgment of a large number of Testaments together with the Psalms, which were sent out from London in a ship owned by Jews who had the liberality to render the society and the cause this service without charge. During the last year Mr A. told us that 100,000 copies of the bible were sent out and distributed among the liberated slaves of the West Indies, the only condition of receiving a copy being a certificate that the individual was able to read. On the day appointed for the distribution the coloured people in their eagerness to possess the sacred volume, assembled before daylight and on receiving the invaluable present, departed singing,

'Holy Bible, Book divine,
Sacred treasure, thou art mine.'

† There must be some mistake here since the whole number distributed, about 600,000, would amount to only about one per minute.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—There was one sentence in your last paper which I was sorry to read. It was that in which your correspondent, 'S. A. D.' announced the close of his series of letters. I read this with the same feelings with which we bid adieu to one with whose features we have just become familiar, and from whom we always expect some pleasant story. I thank him for the gratification which his graphic descriptions, his playful humor, and his deep sympathy with whatever is great in nature, and good in humanity, have afforded me. And I trust that so good a laborer will enter at once into some other *Vineyard*. A CONSTANT READER.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. xciv.—January 1837.

This number has contributed in no small degree to increase our national pride. We have put it by the side of the most celebrated of the Foreign Reviews, and after having made due allowance for that partiality which may insensibly distort our judgment, we are confident that it suffers nothing from the comparison.

Nearly all the articles are characterized by unusual originality and vigor.

Art. 1. A more perfect specimen of philosophical Biography than this of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, it has never been our happiness to see. And we heartily acknowledge a debt to that superior mind, which able to grasp the true idea of this grand and pure character has also so happily succeeded in communicating it to us.

Art. 2. Contains a few judicious remarks upon Wheaton's Elements of International Law; together with strictures, we think rather too brief, upon Upham's Manual of Peace.

Art. 3. Our thanks to the writer, as to one who has paid a deserved tribute to the character of a most valued friend, and constant, sweet companion, which some have misconceived and some traduced.

A character like Cowper's, ought never to be dissected by any other hand than such as his, who has given us here the result of his nice analysis, and who has conducted his examination with all the firmness of nerve of an experienced operator, and yet with all the delicacy and reverence of a virgin dealing with a tender wound.

Art. 4. Is a well written and interesting Sketch of the history of Michigan; and gives a fair and clear statement of the general grounds of the case of the *disputed boundary*.

Art. 5. Without denying that high praise is due to the Author of Philothea, the writer maintains, with the true spirit of the Classical Scholar that there is still a hallowing charm, a serene spirit of beauty and glory, abiding over the history of the manners, arts, literature, sages and scenes of the Classical world, which this book has not transferred to its pages, and which the highest human genius may vainly strive to borrow for its own works.

Art. 6. An able and highly instructive treatise on *Insanity*, &c. in review of A *Treatise* &c. by *James Cowles Prichard*, &c. &c.

Art. 7. *Pellico and Maroncelli*. The author praises, with justice, the accuracy, ease, and elegance of the American Translation; takes occasion to offer a few well-timed remarks (by way of eliciting discussion upon the subject) in relation to some of the more important considerations connected with the copy right law: and closes the article with a brief and spirited notice of the high moral power displayed in the book.

Art. 8. *Everett's Orations*, &c. contains well deserved praise of him whom we all love to honor—and commends, it seems to us, not the least, when it attempts to point at blemishes. A few fleecy clouds floating across the summer sky, serve but to show how clear and pure is the broad expanse of spotless blue.

Art. 9. A lively and well condensed abstract of the *history of the Reformation in Italy*.

Art. 10. Sound, wholesome, timely views on the subject of *University Education*.

Art. 11. *Astoria*. The pen of one IRVING gracefully retracing the sketch of another.

Art. 12. *The New England character*. A strong defence by a defender of the right stamp.

The author has concocted a good wholesome dish, which we can safely recommend to all our Southern friends, sprinkled as it is with a spice of our indigenous Yankee mother-wit—of the *true nutmeg* flavor—which will help its digestion bravely, where it goes against the stomach, and which renders it peculiarly savory to all northern palates.

In return for the very acceptable present which we have received in this number of the North American, we heartily wish it for the new year the patronage which it richly deserves.

A communication was sent to the office of the Register signed Joseph W. Ingraham, relating to the Lectures, on Egypt, Palestine, Jerusalem &c. which have been delivered in this city during the passage of the present week—Owing to a very natural and excusable mistake, arising from the circumstance of the copy furnished to the printer of the Register and Observer being a corrected proof from another paper—it was omitted in the last Register, and was re-sent too late for the present.

We have heard Mr Catherwood's Lectures spoken of in terms of high commendation, and hope he will be induced to repeat his course in this city.

We insert at the particular request of a valued friend and correspondent, a longer article than we ourselves like to see on our first page—but, we have no doubt that those who make the attempt, will find themselves rewarded for the pains of perusal.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received several valuable communications, too late for insertion in this week's paper—which shall receive attention in our next.

We shall of course allow due liberty of our columns to the correspondent in Edgartown, in reply to S. A. D.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Stories illustrating four of the Commandments. Boston: S. G. Simpkins, Court Street, 1837.

This little book, was written as we understand by a Lady, who originally prepared the stories which it contains to be read to the Sunday School in Friend Street Chapel, and without the most remote intention of publication. They were, however, esteemed by the Teachers too interesting and valuable to be so limited in their influence; and accordingly have thus in neat form, been presented to the public.

We would with great pleasure add our recommendation of the '*Stories*,' to Sunday School Teachers and children, did not such authority as that which has already sanctioned and commended them, seem to us to need no seconding.

Installation.—The Rev. Henry A. Miles was installed as pastor over the South Congregational Society in Lowell, Dec. 14th. 1836. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Dr Walker, of Charlestown.

The following orginal hymn, written by Dr E. Bartlett, was sung on the occasion.

O Thou, Eternal, Uncreated Power!
Before whose Throne in prayer and praise we bend,
In grateful joy, we thank Thee for this hour,
Our God, our Guide, our Father and our Friend.

Pour down, we pray Thee, on thy servant's head,
That heavenly grace which comes from Thee alone;
On him and us, thy Holy Spirit shed;
Be Christ, thy Son, his Master and our own.

Be his, the untiring zeal which ever burns;
Be ours, the faith which leans upon thy will—
The love which listens to thy word, and learns
To bow beneath thy chastenings, and be still.

His be the gentle and persuasive art,
To lead thy children to their home above;
The wisdom ours, to choose that better part,
Reserv'd for those whose trust is in thy love.

This dear relation, long maintain, we pray,
Laid on the strength of thy Salvation's Rock;
Blest be the union which is sealed this day,
To him, the pastor—to ourselves, the flock.

And when, to him and us, life's day is done,
Its duties finish'd, and our sins forgiven,
May those sweet ties which bound us here, in one,
Be joi ned again, eternally, in Heaven.

CONGRESS.

On Saturday Dec. 31st the Senate did not sit.

Discussions were had on the subject of the resolutions by Mr Wise, relative to the Deposite Banks.

After the consideration of a few private claims the House adjourned to Tuesday.

In the Senate, the principle topic of debate on Monday and Tuesday was the admission of Michigan to the Union as a state, and Mr Ewing of Ohio was speaking on Tuesday evening, when the papers for Wednesday were put to press.

The House of Representatives did not sit on Monday. On Tuesday a great number of petitions and resolutions having been disposed of, the speaker laid before the House a communication from the Secretary of the Treasury, transmitting a statement of the payments made to Ohio, and other states, of a percentage on land sold within the limits of those states.

The resolution before presented by Mr Garland, appointing a select committe to inquire concerning the Deposite Banks, with sundry modifications and amendments, was taken up and passed.

In the Senate on Wednesday, the expediency of the appointment of a Board of Commissioners of Claims was discussed. The act for the admission of Michigan &c. was considered.

In the House, a number of reports and resolutions were referred; after which there was an animated debate on a resolution of Mr Allen, of Ky. proposing an appropriation of land for purposes of Education in the old States, corresponding to the grants to new States.

In the Senate, on Thursday, after some private bills were reported, the bill for the admission of Michigan into the Union was read a third time. It was opposed by Mr Calhoun, and advocated by Mr Strange and Mr Buchanan and finally passed, 25 to 19.

In the House, Mr Allen's resolution was again discussed, and was not disposed of when the House adjourned.

In the Senate on Friday, a proposition in regard to a United States Penitentiary was discussed. A resolution of Mr Calhoun was adopted, calling for a statement of the undrawn appropriations on the 1st of January. The subject of the Treasury order of July, and the law regulating the Mint were afterwards discussed. The Senate spent a short time in executive business, and adjourned to Monday.

In the House, the session was chiefly occupied on Friday by the discussion of private bills, and on Saturday, the principal subjects of attention were Mr Allen's resolution respecting the appropriation of lands for education,—and the Michigan bill.

INTELLIGENCE.

Massachusetts Legislature.—But little has been brought to pass by our General court this week.

In the Senate time has been lost by discussions respecting the title of some of the members to a seat. The Senate has finally been arranged. The Governor, and Lieut. Governor have taken the oaths of office. Counsellors have been chosen. John P. Bigelow Esq. has been re-elected Secretary of State; and Hon. David Wilder, of Leominster has been elected Treasurer. Rev. Mr Stow, of Boston, and Rev. Mr King, of Charlestown have been appointed Chaplains in the House, and Rev. Nehemiah Adams, of this city Chaplain of the Senate.

The Mayor's Address.—The recent address of Mr Eliot, our Mayor; to the city government, refers to several subjects, to which we are glad to see the public attention directed. As we are unable to publish the whole address, we shall refer briefly to the topics of most interest. The first is the proposed measures to provide for the city an ample supply of pure water. The importance of prosecuting the measures for effecting it are earnestly enforced. Another topic is, the removal of the present jail in Leverett Street and the erection of one embracing the improvements of more modern times; and especially one which shall furnish accomodations for the accused, different from the convicted. Connected with this topic is the suggestion of the expediency of such alterations in the rules for admitting inmates to the house of Reformation as would allow them to be received without having committed a legal offence. The next subject referred to, is our public charities, and the expediency and duty of providing separate buildings for insane persons and Idiots confined in the Houses of Industry and Correction. These subjects demand and will undoubtedly receive the early attention of the city authorities, as also the other topics referred to, particularly the manner of disposing of the public building on Court square.

Widows' Pensions.—Widows of Revolutionary Soldiers are entitled to a Pension if married before their husbands left the army.

Some, who have a right to it, are yet ignorant of their good fortune.

At the Pay Office in Boston, 58 widows have received $45,000. The Advocate mentions that the Widow of Maj. Keith received for her first payment 3300, and the widow of Dr Richardson, 3300 dollars, and each will receive for life, 600 dollars a year more.

We understand that some of the widows living in the neighboring towns have agreed to give a man for getting it for them one dollar in five, or 20 per cent, so that for every 500 dollars he would receive 100 dollars, which is certainly very handsome. We have not heard his name.

In the U. S. House of Representatives, on Wednesday last, Mr Taylor of New York submitted the following;—

Resolved, That the Committee on Revolutionary Pensions be instructed to inquire into the expediency of amending the third section of the act entitled 'An act granting half pay to widows or orphans, where their husbands or fathers have died of wounds received in the military service of the United States in certain cases, and for other purposes,' approved July 4, 1836, so as to extend the provisions of that section to all widows of officers and soldiers of the war of the revolution whose husbands were entitled to a pension, excepting cases of second marriage after the termination of the war.

Mr Storer remarked, that the Committee of Revolutionary Pensions had this subject under consideration and would report a bill meeting the views of the gentleman from New York.

The resolution was then agreed to *nem dis.*

The Railroad Cases.—The case of James Thompson vs. the Boston and Providence Railroad Corporation, the trial of which commenced in the Supreme Judicial Court last week has been going on from day to day, until yesterday evening, [Thursday 5] when it was brought to a close. The plaintiff was one of the United States seamen who were in the forward car of the train on the Providence Railroad, on the 29th of June last, and suffered injury from the collision between that train and the Dedham train, going from Boston towards Providence. There were five other suits brought by the other seamen who sustained injury at the same time; and since the commencement of the trial it has been agreed by the counsel of the respective parties, that they should all be submitted to the same jury, as they all rest upon the same ground, and depended upon the same evidence, with the exception of the nature of the injury suffered by each respecting which additional testimony was given. A great mass of testimony has been given in the trial, and as the case is novel in its character, and important to the parties, it has undergone a most thorough investigation by the learned and able counsel, both for presenting a full view of the facts, and for app'ying correctly the principles of the law. The case was sum med up yesterday afternoon in a most lucid and satisfactory manner, by Chief Justice Shaw, and delivered to the jury. They were instructed in case they should decide against the defendants, to award not vindictive damages, but a reasonable remuneration, under the circumstances of the case, for the injury sustained by each of the six plaintiffs.—*Advertiser.*

The Jury at the opening of the Court this morning [Friday] rendered a verdict for the plaintiffs—damages $11,500—awarded as follows: to two of the sufferers $2,500 each; to two $1,750 each; and to the others $1,500 each.—*Transcript.*

Another Dreadful Shipwreck. **109 Lives Lost.** The barque Mexico, from Liverpool, for New York, went ashore on Hempstead Bar, on Tuesday morning and *one hundred and nine persons*, of 116 composing the passengers and crew, perished. The vessel was off the Hook on Sunday morning at four o'clock, firing for a pilot, but did not succeed in procuring one, and it is supposed that she put ashore for the safety of the passengers and crew—being short of provisions.

The Mexico belonged to Portland, Me. was commanded by Capt. Winslow, and was 67 days from Liverpool, with merchandise consigned to S. Broom, when she went ashore. Soon after she struck, the fires were extinguished by the water which made a complete breach over the vessel; and such as did not reach the shore, (seven only succeeded in this effort) perished from cold. Capt. W. swam on shore with master Broom, the son of the consignee, in his arms. The survivors were so severely injured by the frost as to be unable to give any intelligible account of the disaster. She has had a signal of distress flying for several days.

There were 104 passengers, three of whom were saved; 12 seamen, of whom three were saved (including the Captain, Winslow.) More than half the passengers were women and children—principally from the north of Ireland. The ship had been upon an allowance of one biscuit a day for the last three weeks.—*Transcript.*

Important from Havana.—We are indebted to Mr Kidd of the Merchants' Exchange for the following important intelligence from Havana, of 8th Dec. 1836.

We are at present, in this island, in a very unpleasant situation. You will no doubt have heard some time ago of the changes which have taken place in Old Spain—the restoration of the Cortes, and the proclaiming there, as the law of the land, the constitution of 1812.

Some few weeks ago, Gonzales the Governor of St Jago de Cuba, thought proper to proclaim the said constitution, as the law of the country under his control—General Tacon, the Governor General of the Island, seeing the impropriety of such a measure, required Gonzales to revoke said proclamation. The latter, however, not only would not do so, but on the contrary, perseveres and asserts that he is possessing equal powers in his Government with those of the Governor General.

The consequence is, that about 2500 troops have been sent from this place and neighborhood, by land, and nearly as many more are now held here, in readiness to go by sea, for the reduction of St Jago, and the capture, if possible, of Gonzales; and their departure is only delayed for the return of a British sloop of war from St Jago, for which place she left this about two weeks since, with a last letter of remonstrance from Tacon to Gonzales.

Three steamboats, two brigs of war, 12 schooners, one British and one German ship, are now ready to convey troops; but, I am sorry to add, that there is very little confidence now placed in the troops in the cause they are about. A frigate sailed from this place about eight days ago, to blockade St Jago.

How all this will end is now hard to say. We are all anxiety for the arrival of the British sloop of war, with Gonzales' answer to Tacon.—*New Orleans Bulletin.*

Spain.—The latest intelligence from Spain is to 27th November. A passenger in the ship Alfred from Cadiz states that the Carlist General Gormez had been captured and the army entirely dispersed.

Portugal.—A late attempt to revolutionize the government in favor of a less liberal policy, has been defended.

*** The Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, acknowledges the receipt of Thirty dollars, from two Ladies of the Keene Congregational Society, to constitute the Rev. Abiel Abbot Livermore a Life member of the Association.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

A quarterly meeting of the Sunday School Society will be held at the Berry Street church, corner of Berry and Federal Streets, on Sunday evening the 15th inst. at 7 o'clock, when a discourse on the subject of Sabbath School instruction will be preached by the Rev. Dr Channing. All those who feel an interest in Sabbath Schools are invited to attend.

CHARLES CARTER, *R. Sec.*

Boston Jan. 10th, 1837.

*** The subscriber acknowledges the receipt of seventy five dollars from Ladies of the Rev. Mr Hall's Society in Providence, for the use of the Divinity school. H. WARE JR.

Cambridge, January 7th, 1837.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr William Furber, of Wolfsboro' N. H. to Miss Mary Jane Wallis of Derry N. H.

By Rev. Mr Peirpont, Rev. Charles F. Barnard to Miss Sarah, daughter of Barzillia Homes Esq.

In Walpole on Tuesday evening, by Rev. Mr Storer, Mr Harvey Morse of Foxboro, to Miss Sarah L. Bascom.

In Charlestown by Rev. Dr Walker, Mr James B. Tamplin, to Miss Mary B. Tolman.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Sunday, suddenly, Mr Jotham Beal, aged 29.

In this city, Albert Fearing, son of Mr Henry Burditt, aged 14 months.

In South Boston, on Wednesday morning, Mrs Abigail Hunting, 69.

In York, Me. Mrs Abagail Emerson, 72.

In Worcester Jan. 5th, Lewis Smith Esq. aged 64, formerly of Wilton N. H.

WARREN STREET CHAPEL.

THE Teachers of the Warren street Chapel, announce to the public, that arrangements have been made for the delivery, at that Institution, of a course of Scientific and Literary Lectures. They will commence on Tuesday Evening, January 24th, with an Introductory, by the Hon. Horace Mann, and will be continued every Tuesday Evening until May.

Succeeding the Introductory, Lectures are expected from the Hon. Rufus Choate, Rev. R. W. Emerson, Rev. Chandler Robbins, Rev. Thomas B. Fox, Messrs. Lowell Mason, G. S. Hillard, Charles Sumner, O. W. B. Peabody, R. C. Waterston, Henry R. Cleveland, and Dr Augustus A. Gould.

Tickets, admitting a gentleman and two ladies, at $2, and Tickets admitting one person, at $1, can be obtained of James Munroe & Co. James B. Dow, David Francis, Alfred Willard, William Brown, J. W. Lawrence, Thomas W. Seaverns, and J. Greenwood; or of

C. F. Barnard,
H. I. Bowditch,
J. L. Emmons,
W. P. Jarvis,
E. Weston, Jr.
} *Committee.*

The proceeds of these lectures will be devoted to the annual expense of the Chapel.

3 t j 14

JAMES MUNROE & CO. have for sale, the following Books, reviewed and noticed in the North American Review and Christian Examiner, for January, 1837:—Southey's Life of Cowper, 12mo; Mrs Child's Philothea, 1v. 12mo; Memoirs of Pellico, 2v 12mo; Everett's Orations and Speeches, 1v 8vo; Irving's Astoria, 2v 8vo; Chorley's Memorials of Mrs Hemans, 1v 12mo; American Almanac, 1v 12mo; Holmes's Poems, 1v 12mo; Memoirs of James Jackson, Jr. 1v 16mo; Robinson's Hebrew Lexicon, 1v 8vo; Boston Ministry at large, 12mo pamphlet; True Plan of a Living Temple, 1v 16mo; Fanaticism, by the author of Natural History of Enthusiasm, 12mo; The Way to do Good, 1v 12mo; Dr Tuckerman's Sermon, with Dr Channings's Charge, pamphlet; Dewey's Sermon, pamphlet, 12mo; Nature, 1v 12mo; the Poor Rich Man, and the Rich Poor Man; Ripley's Discourses on the Philosophy of Religion, pamphlet, 8vo; a Good Life, with an Introductory Essay, by John Brazer, 1v; Maundrell's Journeys, 1v 16mo. 134 Washington street, opposite School st. j 14

S. COLMAN 121 Washington street has published this week a *new* edition *Three Experiments of Living*. j 14

OLD World and New, Aaron Burr, &c. JAMES MUNROE & CO. have just received a fresh supply of Aaron Burr's Memoirs, Dewey's Old World and New, Pilgrim's Progress, &c.; at 134 Washington st. jan 14

DEWEY ON MIRACLES.

A DISCOURSE on Miracles, preliminary to the Argument for a Revelation, by Orville Dewey. Just published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. j 14

TEACHER WANTED.

WANTED a gentleman to take charge of a public Academy in the country, to commence about the first of March next. One having a family, and of the clerical profession, would be preferred. Any person, who can come well recommended, wishing such a place, will please to inquire at this office. Boston January 14 1837.

POETRY.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

TO THE EVENING STAR.

O fair and goodly Star
Upon the brow of night,
That from thy silver car
Shoot'st on the darkened world thy friendly light,
Thy path is calm and bright
Through the clear azure of the starry way;
And from thy heavenly height
Thou see'st how systems rise and pass away—
The birth of human hopes, their blossoms and decay.

O! that my spirit could
Cast off its mould of clay,
And, with the wise and good,
Make wings unto itself and flee away;
That with thy bright array
We might look down upon this world of wo,
Even as the god of day
Looks on the restless ocean flow,
And eyes the fighting waves that pant and foam below.

Alas! it may not be—
For mortal fetters bind
To dull mortality
The prisoned essence of the immortal mind:
Our course is too confined—
And, as beneath the sun that blazed too bright,
The Cretan's waxen wing declined
Before the splendor of immortal light,
Our failing pinions fall and plunge us back to night.

Then let my course below
To them be near allied—
Far from the worldly show,
Through dim sequestered valleys let me glide:
Scarce be my step descried
Amid the pompous pageant of the scene;
And where the hazels hide
Cool stream or shade beneath their leafy screen,
Mine be the grassy seat—all lovely, lone, and green.

Within those verdant bounds,
Where, sweet to ear and eye,
Come gentle sighs and sounds,
The current of my days shall murmur by,
In calm tranquillity;
Nor doomed to roll o'er Passions's rocky bed,
Nor slothfully to lie
Like the dull pool in stagnant marshes bred,
Where waving weeds are rank, and noxious tendrils spread.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Naval Journal.]

THE OLD JERSEY PRISON SHIP.

We take the following passages relating to this subject, from the recently published narrative of the Rev. Mr Andros, of Berkley, Mass.

We were captured, on the 27th of August, by the Solebay Frigate, and safely stowed away in the Old Jersey Prison Ship at New York. This was an old 64 gun ship, which through age had become unfit for further actual service. She was stript of every spar, and all her rigging, and after a battle with the French fleet, and her lion figurehead taken away to repair another ship, no appearance of ornament was left, and nothing but an old unsightly, rotten hulk. Her dark and filthy external appearance perfectly corresponded with the death and despair that reigned within, and nothing could be more foreign from the truth than to paint her with colors flying, or any circumstance of appendage to please the eye. She was moored about three quarters of a mile to the eastward of Brooklyn ferry, near a tide mill on the Long Island shore. The nearest distance to land was about twenty rods. And doubtless no other ship in the British navy ever proved the means of the destruction of so many human beings. It is computed that no less than *eleven thousand* American seamen perished in her.—But after it was known that it was next to certain death to confine a prisoner there, the inhumanity and wickedness of doing it was about the same as if he had been taken into the city and deliberately shot on some public square. But as if mercy had fled from earth, here we were doomed to dwell. And never while I was on board, did any Howard or angel of pity appear to inquire into or alleviate our woes. Once or twice, by the order of a stranger on the quarter deck, a bag of apples were hurled promiscuously into the midst of hundreds of prisoners crowded together thick as they could stand, life and limbs were endangered by the scramble. This instead of compassion was a cruel sport. When I saw it about to commence, I fled to the most distant part of the ship. On the commencement of the first evening, we were driven down to darkness between decks secured by iron gratings, and armed soldiery. And now a scene of horror which baffles all description, presented itself. On every side, wretched, desponding shapes of men could be seen. Around the well-room an armed guard were forcing up the prisoners to the winches, to clear the ship of water and prevent her sinking, and little else could be heard but mutual execrations, reproaches and insults. During this operation there was a small dim light admitted below, but it served to make darkness more terrific.

When I became an inmate of this stern abode of suffering, despair and death there were about four hundred prisoners on board but in a short time they amount to 1200.—And in proportion to our numbers, the mortality increased. All the most deadly diseases were pressed into the service of the king of terrors, but his prime ministers were dysentery, small pox and yellow fever. There were two hospital ships near the old Jersey, but these were soon so crowded with the sick that they could receive no more. The consequence was, that the diseased and the healthy were mingled together in the main ship. In a short time we had two hundred or more sick and dying, lodged in the fore part of the lower gun deck, where all the prisoners were confined at night.—Utter derangement was a common symptom of yellow fever, and to increase the horror of the darkness that shrouded us (for we were allowed no light betwixt decks) the voice of warning would be heard, 'Take heed to yourselves. There is a mad man stalking through the ship with a knife in his hand.' I sometimes found the man a corpse in the morning, by whose side I lay down at night. At another time he would become deranged, and attempt in darkness to rise and stumble over the bodies that every where covered the deck. In this case I had to hold him in place by main strength. In spite of my efforts he would sometimes rise, and then I had to close in with him, trip up his heels and lay him again upon deck.—While so many were sick with raging fever, there was a loud cry for water, but none could be had except on the upper deck, and but one allowed to ascend at a time. The suffering then from the rage of thirst, during the night was very great. Nor was it all times safe to go up. Provoked by the continual cry for leave to ascend, when there was already one on deck the sentry would push him back with their bayonets.—By one of these thrusts, which was more spiteful and violent than common, I had a narrow escape of my life. In the morning the hatchways were thrown open and we were allowed to ascend, all at once, and remain on the upper deck during the day.—But the first object that met our view in the morning was a most appaling spectacle.—A boat loaded with dead bodies, conveyed them to Long Island shore, where they were slightly covered with sand. I sometimes used to stand and count the number of times the shovel was filled with sand to cover a dead body. And certain I am that a few high tides or torrents of rain must have disinterred them. And had they not been removed I should suppose the shore, even now, would be covered with huge piles of bones of American seamen. There were probably four hundred on board, who had never had the small pox—some, perhaps might have been saved by inoculation. But humanity was wanting to try even this experiment. Let our disease be what it would, we were abandoned to our fate.

Now and then an American physician was brought in as a captive, but if he could obtain his parole, he left the ship, nor could we much blame him for this.—For his own death was next to certain, and his success in saving others by medicine in our situation was small. I remember only two American physicians who tarried on board a few days. No English physicians, or any one from the city, ever, to my knowledge came near us. There were thirteen of the crew, to which I belonged, but in a short time all but three or four were dead. The most healthy and vigorous were seized first with the fever and died in a few hours. For them there seemed to be no mercy. My constitution was muscular and plethoric, and I escaped the fever longer than any of the thirteen except one, and the first onset was less violent. There is one palisting circumstance as to the inhumanity of the British, which ought to be mentioned. The prisoners were furnished with buckets and brushes to cleanse the ship and with vinegar to sprinkle her inside.—But their indolence and their despair was such that they would not use them, or but rarely. And, indeed at this time the encouragement to do it was small. For the whole ship from her keel to the tafferel, was affected, and contained pestilence sufficient to desolate a world, disease and death were wrought into her timbers. At the time I left her, it is to be presumed a more filthy, contagious, and deadly abode for human beings, never existed among christianized people.

PHYSIOLOGICAL NATURE OF DEATH.

The idea of the intense suffering immediately preceeding dissolution is, and has been, so general, that the term 'Agony' has been applied to it in many languages. In its origin, the word means nothing more than a violent contest or strife, but it has been extended so as to embrace the pangs of death, and any violent pain. The agony of death, however, physiologically speaking, instead of being a state of mental and corporeal turmoil and anguish, is one of insensibility. The hurried and labored breathing, the peculiar sound of respiration and the turned up eye ball, instead of being evidences of suffering, are now admitted to be signs of the brain having lost all, or almost all, sensibility to impressions. Whilst the brain is possessed of consciousness, the eye is directed as the will commands, by the appropriate voluntary muscles of the organ; but as soon as consciousness is lost, and the will no longer acts, the eye ball is drawn up involuntarily under the upper eye lid. All the indications of mortal strife are such in appearance only; even the convulsive agitations, occasionally perceived, are of the nature of the epileptic spasms, which we know to be produced in total insensibility, and to afford no real evidence of corporeal suffering. An easy death—euthanasia—is what all desire; and, fortunately, whatever have been the previous pangs, the closing scene in most ailments is generally of this character. In the beautiful mythology of the ancients, Death was the daughter of Night, and the sister of Sleep.—She was the only divinity to whom sacrifice was not made because it was felt that no human interference could arrest her arm; yet her approach was contemplated without any physical apprehension.

The representation of Death as a skeleton covered merely with skin, on the monument of Cannae, was not the common allegorical picture of the period. It was generally depicted on tombs as a friendly genius, holding a wreath in his hand, with an inverted torch; as a sleeping child, winged, with an inverted torch resting on his wreath; or as Love, with a melancholy air, his legs crossed, leaning on an inverted torch—the inverted torch being a beautiful emblem of the gradual self-extinguishment of the vital flame.

The disgusting representations of Death from the contents of the charnel-house, were not common until the austerity of the 14th century, and are beginning to be abandoned. In more recent times Death seems to have been portrayed as a beautiful youth; and it is under this form that he is represented by Canova, on the monument which George IV of England erected in St. Peter's at Rome in honor of the Stuarts.—*American Journal.*

EFFECT OF CHRISTIANITY ON TRADE.

When missionaries were first sent to savage nations, we know there were some merchants who expected injury to their business. They said the missionaries would spoil the trade. Others thought the effect would be good; and partly from this consideration, and partly from a philanthropic regard for the interests of the ignorant gave the missionaries ready accommodation in their ships, and in some instances without compensation. The following extract from a report of the missionaries at the Sandwich Islands, upon the effect of Christianity on commerce there, does something to shew which of the two opinions was correct:—

'It is very noticeable that, where life and property were so perfectly insecure before the introduction of Christianity, cases of theft, robbery, murder and infanticide, once so common, are now very rare. The rights and well being of the common people are far more respected by the rulers, than formerly. A better code of written laws, for the security of rights, than has before been published or enforced, has the last year been sanctioned by the King. The existence of written laws the prompt attention of magistrates to crimes, and the introduction of a jury of the people in important trials, is evidence of a desirable advance in the administration of justice. Two years and six months after the establishment of the mission, the chief magistrate of the nation, in a fit of jealousy in respect to one of his five wives, ordered a favourite petty chieftain in his family to be slain, and there was no arm in the nation that could shield him from the despotic and murderous blow. He was beheaded in the night, with a common axe, while asleep. Others of the same rank expected a similar stroke to fall as reasonably on themselves.

'The first ship that ever entered the harbor of Honolulu was perfidiously seized by the ruling chief, after he had been assisted in a battle with his rival by the captain. Some days after this successful battle, Captain Brown was killed and his vessel taken, but was afterwards recovered by the crew. Lieut. Hergest of the Dedalus, and his astronomer, as they landed on the northwestern shores of Oahu, were instantly massacred by the natives. When a British officer demanded the murderers, the chief who was employed to search for them took up two men who had no concern with that affair and brought them forward to be shot, and assisted in their execution, as he now confesses with grief. When the Royal George was wrecked here, since the establishment of Christianity, Opiia, a chief of rank, who was just beginning to seek the salvation of her soul, sent her schooner to assist in saving the cargo; for which service the captain gave her one hundred dollars. This, though a moderate compensation, she returned to him: and he proposed to divide it with her, to which she consented. When the Lyra was wrecked on Maui, Kaahumanu sent a schooner to render gratuitous assistance, a service which could hardly be expected of a magistrate in a civilized Christian country. When the Helvetius was wrecked recently, the king and his people and some of the residents made exertions to save the cargo, and received a salvage such as was proposed by Captain Jones of the Peacock. Some saved portions of the cargo, which they returned without salvage. The captain remarked that he had obtained more from the wreck and cargo, than he should have expected on the coast of the United States, and felt grateful for the prompt aid he had received.'

'More than one hundred ships a year recruit at these islands with little trouble, except what arises from rum among their own seamen, procured of foreign dealers. Missionaries and their wives feel secure in their houses and employments, though far from any American or European family.'—*Mis. Herald for Sept.*

LAST SERMON OF WHITFIELD.

The last sermon preached by this eloquent divine of the last century was delivered at Newburyport, Mass., the day before his death. A reverend old gentleman once told us that he was a listener to that sermon, and described the impressions that still rested on his mind of the appearance, matter and manner of this mighty apostle on this his last appearance in public.

The subject of his sermon was 'Faith and Works.'

He had risen up sluggishly and wearily, as if worn down and exhausted by his stupendous labors. His face seemed bloated—his voice hoarse—his enunciation heavy, as the breaking up of the waters. Sentence after sentence was thrown off in rough, disjointed portions, without much regard to point or beauty: at length his mind kindled over a single idea, and an explosion of his lion like voice roared to the extremities of the audience. He was speaking of the inefficiency of works to merit salvation; he suddenly roared out—'*Works! works! a man get to heaven by works! I would as soon think of climbing to the moon on a rope of sand!*'

But the thunder of that fearful voice could not be long sustained; he soon flagged, and deep sepulchral hoarseness succeeded. He was an old worn out veteran, whose armour had rusted in the war, and the dews of the tented field were heavy and chill upon his brow.

* * * That night he was wrestling with the angel of death!—*Mississippi Christian Herald.*

THE BORROWER.

Every body knows that Pitt raised the character and prosperity of England by loans, but it is not generally known, that Pitt 'borrowed the idea of borrowing' from the following anecdote.

Schneider, an inhabitant of the canton of Unterwald, in Switzerland, was left, at the age of twenty-one, to shift for himself. His father had been a respectable man, but had left nothing to his son, but some sketches for a new constitution, which Schneider could make no use of. The doctrine of loans came into Schneider's head, as happily as that of attraction struck Newton. As nobody knew that his father had died insolvent, he declared openly that he was in want of 2,000 rix dollars, (400.) for which he was willing to pay five per cent. interest, the capital to be repaid in six months. He had no difficulty in obtaining this loan, which was very useful to him, and by constantly saying that his father had left him very little, but that by economy he managed to make both ends meet, every body thought him a modest rich man. Two months before his bills came due, he borrowed of another banker 3,125 rix dollars. Schneider instantly went to the parties from whom he had borrowed the 2,000 rix dollars, and after remarking that five per cent. was a heavy interest to pay, told them that he would repay the capital if they would allow him discount for the remaining part of the term. The bankers, convinced of the stability of Schneider, were unwilling to take the money; he persisted, however, and they consented at length, on condition that if ever he should have occasion to borrow again, he would apply to them. Schneider went to work upon a great scale, his credit being fully established. In the course of three years, there was such an eagerness in the first houses of Switzerland to lend money to Schneider, that he frequently refused their offers. He quieted his conscience, reflecting, that if he lived sixty years, according to his inordinate expenditure, his creditors would lose only 400,000 rix dollars by him; and he considered the excellence of his life, and the suggestions, which he made every now and then to the government, as an ample equivalent.

To make short of a long story, Schneider found himself upon his death-bed at the age of 80—not, however, before he had rendered a great service to his country, by introducing the mode of making the celebrated Gruyere cheese, which is now eaten over the whole continent. He summoned his creditors, one hundred in number, to his bed-side, and after relating to them the mode which he had adopted for his support, and as frankly stating that he had nothing to leave, terminated his dying speech in the following terms.—'What is the loss which you sustain by me, compared with the admirable system of finance, which, through me, you can now reveal to your country? I, a poor mortal, at my dying hour, commit an act of bankruptcy; but the nation never dies. A nation may borrow without limit, because its existence is without limit. Switzerland has only to tread in my steps, to create loans, and to pay the interest punctually, and one day or other she will engross the capital of Europe.'

The creditors were struck dumb with admiration, and as a mark of their esteem for the talents of the great Schneider, erected over his grave a superb monument, with this inscription—

'DER ENTLEHNER,'

which signifies 'The Borrower.' The celebrated Pitt, in a tour through Switzerland, saw the monument, and struck with its singularity, inquired its history. 'The nation never dies,' repeated Pitt with ecstacy; and he scarcely said any thing else till he reached London. The people thought him mad; but in a few months we heard of the famous loans with which he subjected India, conquered colonies, and overthrew Napoleon, who might, probably, have been upon the throne of France to this day, if the inventor of Gruyere cheese had never existed.

GEN. OSEOLA.

What are the qualities that constitute a hero? Whether those qualities are pagan or christian, whether they are to be sought in savage or civilized life, this Warrior stands high on the roll of those Heroes whom the world is accustomed to regard with idolatrous admiration.

His whole nation contains scarcely 1000 warriors—yet campaign after campaign has he baffled the well appointed troops of a nation of 15,000,000: his handful of naked savages are without any other tents than the skies,—without any other rations than the roots of the earth, or the game of the thicket—without commissaries, or hospitals, or West Point academies, or quarter masters, or wagon train, or pontoons, or suttlers, or arsenals, or pay, or clothing, or barracks, or Courts of Inquiry—yet he keeps the field, and seeks neither summer quarters nor winter quarters.

If Patriotism be not a word invented merely to cheat the world, then Oseola is a Patriot—he is *ready to die for his country.* He exclaims to his invaders, 'This is my country, and I will die on it.' He will not turn on his heel to save his life.

The Christian nation, however, hunts this Hero and Patriot like a wolf. Gen. Jessup offers a reward of 5000 dollars for his scalp if dead, or for his body if alive.—*Salem Gaz.*

A merchant who was in the habit of selling a considerable quantity of liquor, a Portuguese by birth, but who had settled on the eastern shore of Maryland, related the following account of his own experience:

'I went to a temperance meeting; the speaker said a good many things which hurt me very much. I felt angry with him, and would not go any more for some time; but a short time after, while I was absent from home, one of my neighbors sold a man a gallon of rum, he got drunk upon it, went home and killed his wife. When I returned, I said to myself, 'What if you had sold this man the rum?' 'But I did not sell it.'—But something said, 'But if you had been at home, you might have sold it to him.' I said to myself, 'I will sell off what I have very cheap, and then I will sell no more.'—But something said, 'You may sell to some other man, and he may kill somebody; that won't do.' 'Then I will send it back to Baltimore, to the merchant I got it of.' But something said, 'That won't do; he may sell it to somebody who may get drunk and kill somebody also—that won't do.' I heard soon after of a temperance meeting; I went there, I almost run; I jumped over the heads of the people. I said, 'Put my name down. Somebody said, 'Mr —— what will you do with your liquor?' 'Oh,' said I, 'that is settled.' So early next morning I turned all the liquor out, and pulled out the spiggot, and said, 'From the earth you came, and to the earth you must go.'—*Md. Temperance Herald.*

EXAMPLES OF TIME WELL IMPROVED.

Robert Raikes, a printer, of Gloucester, England, originated the system of *Sabbath Schools.* The unhappy condition of prisoners in a county jail exciting his sympathy, it occurred to him that if the Sabbath could be made subservient to purposes of instruction an important end would be gained. Four young ladies were employed as teachers and within a few weeks two or three hundred children were collected. The estimated number of scholars in England and Wales, now exceeds a *million and a half.* An equal interest is felt in this country, and indeed wherever Christianity in its purity prevails. The teachers provided by Raikes were paid at the rate of 22 cents per day. The instruction is now gratuitous. The moral influence to be exerted by this institution is incalculable.

Samuel J. Mills, reared in obscurity among the mountains of New England—was the prime mover of Foreign Missions in America. His short life has made the pagan world rich. 'We are little beings,' said he to one of his associates, 'but we must rest satisfied till we have our influence extend to the remotest corner of this ruined world.' The declaration was prophetic—the ardor was enkindled from heaven. The triumphs of his glowing spirit are already conspicuous in heathen climes, the banner of the cross floats from many idolatrous temples, and the wheels of Juggernaut roll among pilgrims who are searching the Scriptures and inquiring after the *great salvation.* Not a few of the important benevolent enterprises in the United States were conceived by him. He died before he attained the meridian of life, on an excursion to benefit oppressed Africa. As successive ages roll on, and he strikes his golden harp before the throne of God, new accessions of souls rescued through his instrumentality are continually ascending to mingle their voices with his in the songs of the redeemed.

Harlan Page, though nearly unknown while he lived, except by the circle of friends who shared in his efforts for the souls of men, was in fact a profound practical philosopher. The well known principle of action which converted his influence into gold, so illustrated by his personal efforts, has already animated thousands of Christians to renewed ardor in the service of their divine master; nor will the impulse cease until there shall no longer be need *to say every man to his neighbor and to his brother, know the Lord,* for all shall know him from the least to the greatest.

The example of the Savior, while in his state of humiliation, is peculiarly adapted for the encouragement of persons in ordinary stations of life. His duties were not confined to public ministrations. In doing the will of his Father, he sought not human applause; on the contrary, he reproved actions originating in the desire to be seen of men. Our security for the proper *improvement of time,* is a cordial reception of Him, not only as our Redeemer to save us from sin and its frightful consequences but as our glorious and immaculate pattern. If he is the *high priest* of the church who gave himself for them, he is also their *leader* and *guide.* His sheep know his voice and follow him.—*N. Y. Morning Star.*

The Koran. Professor Bush, in his remarks at the anniversaries last week, stated one fact in regard to the Koran, which we were not before aware of. It was this: that the Koran maintains the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, viz. that the earth is the centre of the universe, and that the sun and the planets revolve round the earth, and the follower of Mahomet was compelled to believe this or suffer the penalty of eternal damnation. This fact, said the professor, renders it evident, that the Mahommedan religion contains within itself the seeds of its own dissolution. The light of science will eventually dispel the illusion, and teach the follower of the false prophet, the Koran has made him believe a lie. If it will lie in one thing, he will reason, it will in another, and the whole book must be false.—*Northampton Gaz.*

We have always thought that we perceived a sly lesson in favor of a Christmas feast, in that passage of the Spectator where the moralist asserts that he made acquaintance with Baxter by participating in one. 'I once met,' says he, 'with a page of Mr Baxter's under a Christmas pie. Whether or no the pastry cook had made use of it through chance, or waggery, for the defence of that superstitious viand, I know not; but upon the perusal of it, I conceived so good an idea of the author's piety that I bought the whole book.' We do most firmly believe that, under every element of reasonable and modest mirth, there lurks instruction of the best and purest kind; instruction blended with cheerful recollections, and interwoven with happy hopes. It is a high felicity that man's enjoyments can thus be made subservient to his best interests, and that the pleasures of sense may readily enforce the precepts of virtue.—*Phil. Nat. Gaz.*

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